The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

ITALY MAKES A WRONG TURN

The political transformations that have seized Communist Europe are now spreading to the capitalist countries of the Continent. That should not be surprising. The revolts in the East are essentially mass demands for civil autonomy instead of bureaucracy, centralization and incompetence—characteristics of states on both sides of the great cold war continental divide. Market myths and electoral forms have very little to do with what's really bugging everyone: the lack of control people feel in the ordinary conduct of their lives and their work.

The common urge to mutiny struck Italy in local elections last week when an oddball grouping of northern regional parties called the leagues battered most of the right- and left-wing parties that have formed governments and loyal oppositions since World War II. In Milan, the Lombard League won almost 20 percent of the vote. The Italian Communist Party, in the throes of a name change and ideology shift, was crushed in its strongholds, but the Christian Democrats and other centrist parties also suffered. Overall, voter turnout was the lowest in memory.

But like many of the parties that have exploited the "democracy" movements in Eastern Europe, the leagues are right-wing populist, anti-immigrant (including migrants from the south of Italy), regional-chauvinist and anticollective. Many who voted for their lists were less moved by that ideology than by anger at the failure of the established parties—including those of the left—to deliver the goods and benefits of the modern state: social services, equal justice, a healthy environment and democratic participation. "It's a sad day for Italy," an Italian journalist in New York City remarked. It certainly is too bad when Italians—like many of their European neighbors—have to turn the wrong way to express their righteous protests.

THE BARBARA THING
Katha Pollitt

OCTOBER SURPRISE REVISITED
Christopher Hitchens

PRO-CHOICE, REAL CHOICE
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BULGARIA
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COMING TO AMERICA
Miklós Vámos

SOUTHERN AFRICA—HOPE DEFERRED

STEVE ASKIN AND COLIN DARCH

Harare, Zimbabwe

In 1975, a few months before independence, Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo) leader Samora Machel confidently told an Organization of African Unity meeting in Tanzania that Africa was entering "the final phase of the struggle for national liberation from colonialism." Having achieved southern Africa's first victory against white minority rule with the overthrow of Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique and Angola, "we shall build new, free societies in the southern part of the continent," he predicted. Machel argued that conditions were favorable for "people's victory" because Africans wanted freedom and because their "natural allies" in the socialist bloc would provide the support needed to "liberate the remnants of colonialism."

Fifteen years later, with the region's last minority government apparently ready to negotiate a transition to majority rule, southern Africa is a place of tragic paradox. Although the past fifteen years have seen the step-by-step fulfillment of Machel's prophecy, the region enters the 1990s beset by deep-rooted economic crisis and deepening social discontent. Political independence and majority rule have failed to usher in a new era of prosperity and economic equality. While the recent "talks about talks" could mark the beginning of a rapid movement toward free elections in South Africa, the past fifteen years have demonstrated that majority rule is the first, not the last, step in Africa's liberation struggles.

As Machel predicted in 1975, the overthrow of Por-

(*Continued on Page 744*)

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LETTERS

EVILS OF FORMICA

Hyattsville, Md.
Has Kathy Deacon ["The Killing of Mumia Abu-Jamal," April 23] done research on kitchens and racial attitudes? Why does she report that the "middle-aged, lower-middle-class whites" on Jamal's jury had Formica kitchens? Did she actually see those kitchens? Can/should we equate Formica with evil? *Irene Eberling Marsh*

DEACON REPLIES

Brooklyn, N.Y.
Irene Marsh can set her mind at ease. No, I wasn't associating Formica with racial attitudes but, perhaps rather subjectively, with the postwar housing developments in northeast Philadelphia, where people moved to flee the inner city. *Kathy Deacon*

DON'T TRUST ANYONE UNDER 30

Seattle
Jon Wiener's "Frosh Activists" [April 16] assumes too readily that campuses are about to become renewed centers of political engagement. Wiener cites a major national survey that reports nearly 37 percent of incoming freshmen saying they've "participated in organized demonstrations" in their senior year of high school. Unfortunately this hopeful statistic has more to do with a recent tide of official rallies on issues like drugs and alcohol than dissident efforts generated by the students themselves.

In the past year I've visited fifty colleges to interview students for a book on their generation's ambivalent relationship to participation in important public issues. Involvement does seem to be on the increase, but at no school have I found more than a relatively small minority with any history of activism in high school. Wiener is right that a buried current of discontent may well be emerging: from the Selma and Los Angeles sit-ins that he cites; to the walkout of 1,200 students in rural Wisconsin who successfully challenged the firing of a popular teacher; to seemingly trivial examples, like students at a small Nebraska high school who boycotted their cafeteria until they got a salad bar. Add in those who've marched because of environmental issues, homelessness, Central America and both sides of abortion politics, and we have some important signs of change. But that doesn't remotely add up to a third of entering freshmen.

The massive survey responses come from students who have participated in school-sponsored gatherings opposing drugs, drunk driving and high-risk sexual practices. These aren't illegitimate issues, but the demonstrations that address them hardly require a challenge to entrenched authorities. They affirm a prevailing state-sanctioned morality, and participation is automatic and costless—like marching in a pre-Gorbachev Young Communist rally. At present, most students still remain unconvinced that political engagement is worth the cost. *Paul Rogat Loeb*

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

St. Louis
I read with interest your editorial "Getting There" [April 2], thinking that in the real heart of the country getting there is truly difficult. As you point out, many, many bus routes (we won't even discuss trains) connecting small towns have been dropped during the past ten years. Once you could go almost anywhere on buses. Now, however, if I want to go, say, from my home in St. Louis to my mother's home in New Market in southwestern Iowa, the closest I can get is by plane to Omaha or Kansas City or Des Moines. It is 70 miles to New Market from Omaha, 110 miles from Kansas City and 120 miles from Des Moines.

So how do you get there? By hired private car. Most small towns have one or two people who will come to get you and take you back. Usually they are retired men who drive like bats out of hell. You phone them and arrange to be met. How much does it cost? Around 25 to 35 cents a mile plus gas. Less for close friends and local townspeople. The drivers like to be paid in cash. They like to talk and they like long trips. It is a nice cottage carriage industry that requires no special license or training. It's the sort of transportation system that springs up in most underdeveloped countries. *Richard Watson*

MISSISSIPPI TURNING

South Burlington, Vt.
"Newhoused," in the March 19 issue, recalled the following. In 1973 I led a group of professors and students centered at Tougaloo College, historically a black institution; we wrote a new history of Mississippi. Intended as a high school textbook, our book was radically different from all previously published histories of the state, perhaps of any state. Even its title, *Mississippi: Conflict and Change*, reflected the difference.

We showed the manuscript to eleven publishers, including a different part of Random House, before Pantheon accepted it. The problem wasn't with our book, which later won the Lillian Smith Award for Best Southern Nonfiction of 1975. The problem was that we mentioned to would-be publishers that we would probably have to sue the state textbook board to get the book adopted. (And so we did, winning a path-breaking First Amendment victory in *Loewen v. Turnipseed.*)

Publishers proved to be a timid lot, however, unable to understand the difference between "plaintiff" and "defendant," afraid that Mississippi might retaliate against their other books and generally reluctant to take a chance. Except Pantheon.

The head of Random House at the time, Bob Bernstein, said to me in confirming André Schiffrin's decision, "We believe that those who do good should also do well." For some time, I thought he had coined that aphorism. The new management of Random House has some other aphorism in mind, perhaps "Money is the root of all." I mourn the passing of Pantheon. *James W. Loewen*

BRACKET CREEPS

Amherst, Mass.
How do you spell relief? T-A-X T-H-E R-I-C-H! Ann Withorn's "Taxation for the General Good" [April 23], about the movement for progressive taxes in the United States, particularly in Massachusetts, touched all the right bases except one.

Withorn wrote of Reagan's cuts in services and programs but neglected to mention his tax breaks to the wealthy. The top 1 percent of our population now owns nearly 38 percent of our national wealth. This is the highest concentration of wealth ever in our history. Yet Withorn dismisses what she calls the "soak the rich" strategy as one that won't "work in the United States, where most people hope to get rich one day." Maybe a decade ago. Citizens for Fair Taxes, based in western Massachusetts, has met with very positive response to our "Tax the Rich, too!" bumper stickers and buttons.

On the federal level the rich have had a drop from their 1980 tax bracket of 70 percent to the post-1986 level of 28 percent. In Massachusetts they get pretty cushy treatment too. The state has a flat-rate tax of 5 percent on earned income and 10 percent on unearned income. Not much progressivity there. And capital gains gets special treatment.

Withorn emphasizes taxing corporations. Many question this strategy, believing that it feeds fears of companies' closing their doors or passing on higher taxes to consumers. The excesses of the rich over the past decade have not been lost on the average voter. Massachusetts is not a poor state, but the wealth that is here must be taxed to bring needed revenues into its treasury. *Mary L. Wentworth*

CORRECTION

In the announcement of new editorial board members at *The Nation* (May 21), the name of the organization David Weir co-founded should have been listed as the Center for Investigative Reporting.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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EDITORIALS.

Gray Power

The budget summit between the President and Congressional leaders is motivated more by a desire to escape blame for raising taxes than by sound economic planning. And given the political taboo against higher taxes for the rich, the result could well be "user fees," falling on the poor and middle class, and cuts in social programs. We are reminded of a similar consensus-engineering effort in 1983, a bipartisan commission to "rescue" Social Security, which, as John L. Hess pointed out in *The Nation* in "Confessions of a Greedy Geezer" (April 2) and "The Catastrophic Health Care Fiasco" (May 21), actually reduced benefits and raised payroll levies. Although the elderly are supposed to wield great political clout (compared with the poor and the needy), in the 1980s they suffered a series of setbacks.

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Further cuts in Social Security may not be in the cards this time around, but the way this once-sacrosanct program has been diddled and the ineffectual performance of the old people's lobby should serve as a paradigm of the use of budget crises to bash social programs that help vulnerable groups. The elderly do have some political power, and they could make a valuable contribution to the upcoming budget battle by broadening their agenda to include items that benefit all, such as public housing and universal health insurance, a crucial need of old women and young mothers alike. A model for such an effort is the Gray Panthers—twenty years young this month.

It was in 1970 that Maggie Kuhn, then editor of a Presbyterian social justice journal, and several friends faced a dual challenge: how to participate actively with young people in the struggle against the Vietnam War and how to resist forced retirement at 65. From that confluence of political commitment and aging emerged an imaginative, passionate movement, which placed the artificial division between young and old—ageism—alongside racism, sexism and militarism as one of the great oppressive forces of the era. At first burdened with the high-church title the Consultation of Older and Younger Adults for Social Change, they were dubbed the Gray Panthers by a New York talk show host. The name stuck, along with a motto that said it all: "Age and Youth in Action."

The Panthers have been as radically visionary as they've been activist. Fifteen years before catastrophic health care (a term possible only in the sole Western nation where health care is a privilege rather than a right) arrived on the Congressional agenda, the Gray Panthers were beating the drum for a decentralized national health service along the lines of the Canadian system. Long before the nation's sidewalk grates and train stations became dormitories for the homeless, the Gray Panthers were advocating—and practicing—intergenerational home sharing, beginning with Kuhn's own house in Philadelphia. Today "job training" is the economic prescription of every technocratic liberal—an echo of the Panthers' longstanding call for the abolition of forced retirement and having older workers share their expertise with younger ones in radically restructured jobs.

What distinguishes the Gray Panthers from conventional advocacy groups for older people is their refusal to pit the interests of the old against those of the young. While well-funded senior citizens' lobbying groups like the American Association of Retired Persons battle for a bigger piece of a shrinking pie, the Panthers, with their smaller numbers and minuscule budget, fight for everyone's place at the table.

The Gray Panthers are in fact one of the few radical movements from the Vietnam era to flourish through the hostile Reagan years. That's a tribute to the enduring commitment of the group's vital, cross-generational membership. It's also a tribute to Maggie Kuhn, the Panthers' National Convener, who turns 85 this summer. Still barnstorming around the country, brimming with rage and ideas, Kuhn seems built of the same unshakable stone as the houses of her native Philadelphia neighborhood of Germantown. To both Maggie Kuhn and the Gray Panthers, *Salud.*

The Barbara Thing

Poor Susana Cárdenas. She is the Wellesley College senior who spearheaded a petition questioning her class's choice of First Lady Barbara Bush as this year's commencement speaker. (Actually, Mrs. Bush came in second to Alice Walker, who accepted and then backed out.) Cárdenas and 150 of her classmates, one quarter of the senior class, are now getting it from all sides because they say they are "outraged" that Wellesley is honoring "a woman who has gained recognition through the achievements of her husband, which contradicts what we have been taught over the last four years at Wellesley." Catcalls from conservatives and macho types were to be expected ("unshaved feminists," sneered *Boston Globe* columnist Mike Barnicle), but why haven't more feminists risen to the students' defense? For years, after all, graying veterans of the women's movement have been bemoaning the dearth of new recruits. Now, all of a sudden, here are the fresh-faced young, and what do they get? A lecture.

"I have nothing but respect for Barbara Bush," Representative Pat Schroeder, herself a runner-up on the Wellesley list, told *USA Today*. "Being a wife and a mother is not a protestable offense. After all, if it weren't for mothers, there would be no students at Wellesley." Suzanne Gordon, writing in *The Boston Globe*, accused the students of denigrating caring and nurturing in favor of "male-clone careerism." Even the usually tart and sensible Ellen Goodman was moved to smooth ruffled feathers by suggesting that the dissidents were just being anxious out loud about their prospects for egalitarian marriages.

Like all debates conducted in the news media, this one has been framed in a way that hopelessly clouds the issue. It isn't about Mrs. Bush's warmth or charm. Those are considerable, especially when you compare her with her fashion-victim predecessor or, for that matter, with her husband. Nor is it about the worth of raising children versus paid employment, a false opposition it is surprising to see feminists accept. Most of the "career women" on the Wellesley short list, as no one so far has noticed, are also mothers: Alice Walker, Sally Ride, Toni Morrison, Glenn Close, Pat Schroeder, Sandra Day O'Connor. It is these women, not Mrs. Bush, who exemplify the "multiplicity of roles" extolled by Wellesley president Nannerl Keohane in her defense of the First Lady.

What the issue really comes down to is wifehood versus personhood: derived status versus individual (paid or unpaid) achievement, Mrs. versus Ms. And the Wellesley dissidents are on the money here. Barbara Bush is not being honored because she's a mom, or a charity volunteer, or a comfy grandmotherly sort but because she's the President's wife. Honoring her for this circumstance does indeed send young women a strange message: Maybe, it says, despite everything we've told you about defining yourself on your own terms, you ought to let a man do it for you and bask in reflected glory when his ship comes in.

Pro-Barbara feminists observe that women's domestic

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contributions are always undervalued. But one reason for this is that in "traditional" (i.e. nonegalitarian) marriages like the Bushes', those tasks are performed in a context of economic dependence and deference to male authority—the absence, in other words, of the very "choice" that Barbara fans are so keen on. Barbara Bush is praised, for instance, for the cheerful dexterity with which she managed her family's twenty-nine moves in forty-five years as George chased his rainbow through the C.I.A., the U.N. and the halls of Congress. But why was her compliance a virtue? Perhaps she should have insisted that George stop uprooting his kids and find a career more compatible with responsible fatherhood. Perhaps she should have pointed out that fathers who spend their days shoring up military dictatorships set their children a poor example. Rather than patting their gender on the back for being "nurturing and caring," feminists ought to be asking hard questions about the morality of nurturing and caring for men who are anything but. The end result of Mrs. Bush's wonderful wifehood, after all, is that she has helped elect to the presidency a man who addresses anti-choice rallies, starves the education budget and plans to veto the Family and Medical Leave Act.

Despite persistent rumors about her own pro-choice and liberal sympathies, Mrs. Bush is silent, and proud of her silence: A good wife does not contradict her husband in public, especially if he has a "wimp factor" to worry about. Do we really want young women to model themselves on a woman who, to promote her husband's career, gave up her right to exercise her independent moral judgment?

If sentimental pieties about nurturance and domesticity are all feminists can offer the young, they might as well take out subscriptions to *Good Housekeeping* and call it a day. Susana Cárdenas (who, by the way, dearly loves her mother) already has a job lined up at the Washington Office on Latin America, a human rights group—so much for "male-clone careerism." Maybe when she's finished with that, she'd like to try running the women's movement. It looks to me like it could use her.

KATHA POLLITT

Census Blues

Long before the results have even begun to be tallied, the 1990 census is revealing more about the changing character of the United States than the government intended. To the surprise of the Census Bureau, only 63 percent of U.S. households bothered to respond to the government's highly publicized mailing. By contrast, 78 percent initially responded to the first full-scale census-by-mail in 1970; 75 percent responded in 1980.

This abysmal response may merely reflect well-documented and embarrassing flaws in execution—confusing forms, outdated information, faulty computer programs—or (a favorite theory among census enumerators) the rise in competition from other direct mail. But given the magnitude of the shortfall, it might signify something more.

The most fundamental precept of direct mail, recognized by all who practice the art, is that people respond to mail solicitations only when the slick little packages succeed in engaging their interest or emotions. By making response obligatory under law, the government engaged their interest. But what about their emotions? Surely people also respond to the census out of less self-interested motivations: a sense of civic duty, a desire to contribute to an accurate tally, an impulse toward belonging and participation—in short, a feeling of citizenship. According to a *New York Times* poll, more than half of those polled who didn't respond to the census said they forgot or were too busy. In other words, they didn't care.

For a majority of citizens, the postwar sense of belonging to America was produced and reproduced with the efficiency and predictability of the globally admired Ford automobile assembly lines. With a booming economy, a swaggering role in world politics and an enemy to define itself against, the United States—or at least its enfranchised white segment—had a strong, shared sense of identity. Indeed, as the General Motors–sponsored parades in the Flint, Michigan, of the 1950s depicted in *Roger and Me* make clear, fostering such civic consciousness was a serious business, contributing to the very prosperity it celebrated.

The American model of standardized mass production epitomized by the Ford and G.M. assembly lines collapsed during the 1980s, unable to compete in efficiency or consumer appeal with the new, more flexible production techniques of the Pacific Rim. The mechanisms of mass-producing American citizenship are falling into disrepair too, with little to replace them. Thirty-seven percent of households didn't respond to this year's census; nearly two-thirds of the electorate are expected to abstain from voting this fall; almost half couldn't name the Democratic vice-presidential candidate two months before the 1988 election. The problem is more basic than apathy. An increasing number of Americans simply do not seem to consider themselves part of what Benedict Anderson has called the imagined community of the nation.

And why should they? Since the French and American revolutions, modern notions of democratic citizenship have been based as much on exclusion as on inclusion. Now, twenty-five years after the last of a succession of formal barriers to inclusion has fallen—slowly broadening citizenship from a privilege of propertied white men to the right of all—the informal barriers to inclusion have become enormous, undermining any shared sense of citizenship.

A decade of Reaganite economic restructuring has produced an ever-growing gap between a core of full-time, high-wage, fully insured workers and an expanding social periphery of part-time and temporary workers, the uninsured and the homeless. The fast-food cooks and data-entry clerks of this new "flexible" economy have neither affordable health care nor affordable housing; nor do they have day care, job security or decent schools for their kids. It's no surprise that polls show strong correlations between census response, voting, education and income levels and race. In a United States solidly in decline, prosperity for the few is increasingly maintained by marginalizing many, including members of the formerly secure and patriotic middle class. Under these circumstances, the people most likely to

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feel they belong to America are the ones to whom America effectively belongs.

As enumerators scramble to make up for the shortfall, it's clear that it will take more than making it mandatory for the new disaffected to stand up and be counted. In the meantime, their silence speaks volumes. L.A. KAUFFMAN

L.A. Kauffman is executive editor of Socialist Review.

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

Sir: Although former Secretary of State George Shultz has a Ph.D. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Henry Kissinger has a Ph.D. from Harvard, only Kissinger is called Doctor. Did George Shultz have his doctorate revoked because of those rumors several years ago that he has a Princeton tiger tattooed on his rear end? Or does Kissinger have a podiatry practice on the side? Or what? M.R., La Porte, Ind.

The question of titles has always been a thorny one, and I should make it clear that I felt that way even before I had to abandon my efforts to have the guys at the office address me as Your Grace. When I put the question to someone who is in a position to know what Henry Kissinger would prefer to be called, I was told, "Wave a speaking fee in front of his face and you can call him busboy." George Shultz's college friends apparently call him "old Tiger tail," but this is not recommended for formal introductions.

Sir: Is Mikhail Gorbachev a good guy or a bad guy?
M.L.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

That is a very complicated question.

Sir: I read in *Forbes* magazine that between 1986 and 1987, the year taxpayers were required for the first time to list the Social Security numbers of people who were being claimed as dependents, 7.5 million dependents disappeared. Where are all these dependents? Will they be counted in the census?
R.M.C., Louisville, Ky.

Some of those dependents are in Brazil, a country whose extradition treaty with the United States does not cover ghosts. Some of those who are still in this country have supported themselves partly by acting as guests at tax-deductible business lunches. Many of them pick up work as part of the crowd estimates provided to the press by people staging political rallies. One of them has been hired by the Exxon Corporation to be the only executive with any responsibility at all for corporate practices that brought about the Alaska oil spill, and at least two of them have found employment as the dog that ate the homework.

Sir: Does Representative Richard Gephardt really get under President Bush's skin? (You know perfectly well that I don't mean that literally, so let's not have any of your cheap jokes about lumps or sub-epidermal itching.) If so, why is it that the President allows himself to be so upset by Gephardt?
S.J.K., Phoenix

Yes, Richard Gephardt does get under President Bush's skin. The reason is very simple: During the 1988 campaign Gephardt got the reputation of someone who was willing to flip-flop on issues for political gain, and George Bush doesn't like that sort of thing. This is not a cheap joke.

Sir: But didn't the President himself change his views on abortion rights, which he used to favor and now opposes, and on voodoo economics, which he used to oppose and now favors, when it became politically advantageous for him to do so? S.J.K., Phoenix

The reasons that President Bush changed his views on abortion rights and on voodoo economics and the clear distinction between those changes and the behavior President Bush deplores in Richard Gephardt were dealt with at length and with full documentation in a report by the President. Unfortunately, the dog ate it.

Sir: Henry Kissinger used to teach at Harvard and George Shultz used to teach at the University of Chicago, but only Kissinger is ever called professor. What's going on here?
M.R., La Porte, Ind.

What are you, George Shultz's Aunt Minnie or something? Give us a break.

Sir: I've been reading stories in the newspapers about how scientists are concerned about the apparent depletion of the world's frog population. Is there anything to the fears I've seen expressed that this is being caused by environmental factors that could eventually be a threat to humankind? Where did the frogs go? B.R.G., Elmira, N.Y.

The frogs have gone to a lovely peaceful land that is inhabited only by frogs and people who used to be listed as dependents of American taxpayers. A high fence keeps out the natural enemies of the inhabitants, like pythons and I.R.S. examiners. All day long, the frogs sing out "gribbit, gribbit" and the dependents sing out "Daddy, buy me a dolly" and "I need money for tuition."

Sir: Who is currently the Secretary of Agriculture?
G.J.D., Cleveland

None of your beeswax.

Sir: I'll bet you don't know the name of the Secretary of the Interior either. How can you call yourself a columnist and a commentator on the American scene if you don't even know the names of the Cabinet secretaries?
G.J.D., Cleveland

Gribbit, gribbit.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

If you believe, as I do, that the Reagan-Bush campaign in 1980 made a covert agreement with the Khomeini regime in Iran to delay release of the American hostages in Teheran and thus deny re-election to President Carter, you encounter only one difficulty with the hypothesis. We know that the Reagan-Bush campaign set up private committees to thwart Carter in any last-minute "October surprise." We know that Iranian envoys discussed a deal with Reagan-Bush campaign officials. We know that the idea of such a bargain was present in the minds of pro-Reagan intelligence officials. We know that Carter's negotiations were repeatedly stymied, that President Bani-Sadr and other Iranians believe this to be the result of a secret understanding between Khomeini's camp and Reagan's, that the hostages were eventually released in such a way as to inflict maximum humiliation on Carter and to reflect maximum credit on Reagan. Finally, we know that after 1980 both Washington and Teheran behaved as if they *had* made a deal—Washington doggedly supplying large quantities of weaponry on the quiet at a time when there were no American hostages in Iran or in Lebanon [see "Minority Report," June 20, July 4/11, August 1/8, October 24 and November 21 of 1987; and September 19, 1988].

The only thing lacking from the hypothesis was what the smart set call a smoking gun. There must have been a meeting, a moment when the handshake occurred. For years no evidence for this came to light. I used to think that we would have to wait for somebody's memoirs, and would find out only when it was too late to try anyone for treason.

Then, in September 1988, Richard Brenneke testified before a court in Denver, Colorado. Representing himself as a man with C.I.A. experience, he swore under oath that the defendant in the case, one Heinrich Rupp, was in trouble with the authorities because he had knowledge of the "October surprise" deal. Brenneke offered to corroborate Rupp's story, saying there had been a meeting in Paris on October 20, 1980, between Iranian officials and Reagan campaign figures. He said that he could identify William Casey and Donald Gregg as having been there, and that he had been told, but could not prove, that George Bush was present at a similar meeting in Paris that weekend.

On May 12, 1989, the government indicted Richard Brenneke for perjury on the basis of these statements, accusing him of lying five times to a federal judge. Who knows why they waited so long, except that May 12 was the opening day of Donald Gregg's confirmation hearing as Ambassador to South Korea. You may recall that Gregg gave some inconsistent and evasive answers to questions about the role of his boss, George Bush, in the Iran/*contra* network. Since Brenneke had also been the source for accounts that directly contradicted Gregg's version of events, it's natural that he should want to appear at the hearings. But perhaps he wouldn't have seemed credible while facing such an indictment. It was odd, too, thought Brenneke's lawyer, that the government would entertain a plea bargain, promising no jail time and no fine, only if Brenneke would admit that he had invented the story about Bush, Gregg and the "October surprise" deal. The prosecution turned down Brenneke's offer to plead guilty to the higher crime, for which he had not been charged, of selling arms to another country.

Brenneke has a severe heart ailment and no money, but he refused the government's conditions, and the trial was duly held in his hometown of Portland, Oregon, between April 24 and May 4. After hearing the government witnesses, who included Ambassador Gregg, and after hearing Brenneke, the jurors unanimously acquitted him and, in effect, convicted the government of lying.

This does not mean that the jury found for the "October surprise" hypothesis. However, it is extremely interesting that the government could not establish the whereabouts, on that crucial October 1980 weekend, of William Casey or Donald Gregg or George Bush. Ambassador Gregg produced a photograph of himself that he said was taken at Bethany Beach, Delaware, that weekend. The defense produced a meteorologist who showed, from weather records of the time and place, that whatever weekend Gregg had spent at Bethany Beach it certainly wasn't that one. As for Casey and Bush, the prosecution failed to show that they could not have been in Paris on the relevant days—odd for a campaign manager and candidate at the climax of the campaign.

The prosecution also spent a good deal of time trying to show that Richard Brenneke never worked for the C.I.A. There's more than one way of being a C.I.A. employee, as William Casey well understood, and the certainty is that Brenneke knows things that he would have been hard pressed to know any other way. He is a surprisingly reliable source, attested by numerous reporters, about the network of C.I.A. "proprietary" companies and front organizations. On my desk is a Defense Intelligence Agency memorandum, dated October 21, 1986, reporting an allegation made by Brenneke that a certain Admiral Poindexter was giving permission for the sale of missiles to Iran. The date of the memo precedes that of the White House disclosure of the sale of TOW missiles to the Ayatollah's men. The fact that Brenneke doesn't show up on C.I.A. personnel records, as the prosecution kept stupidly repeating, is a rather less interesting piece of evidence than that. All attempts by the defense to obtain C.I.A. records showing that Brenneke was a de facto employee were thwarted.

I spoke to Brenneke after the verdict, and he said:

> The truth as I know it is that I have had a relationship with the Central Intelligence Agency, that there was a meeting in Paris in October 1980, that Bill Casey and Donald Gregg were there and that the subject was a delay in the release of the hostages in return for American weapons.

That statement has now been tested in open court, and the government has been found quite unable to disprove it. Brenneke, moreover, is now free to keep on saying it without fear of litigation. I wonder when the statement will get any attention outside columns and magazines with the circulation of this one.

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ARTICLES.

ABORTION POLITICS IN THE '90S

Giving Women A Real Choice

ROSALIND PETCHESKY

The abortion conflict refuses to go away. From a Supreme Court Justice to the popular press, a chorus of voices in the United States in 1989 declared abortion "the most politically divisive domestic legal issue of our time." Today it stands squarely in the middle of politics, signifying one's position on a liberal-conservative continuum and signaling shifts in institutional power arrangements. The question is *why* the abortion debate persists, why it becomes such a charged site for struggles over not only changes in family, gender and sexual relations in American society and their cultural meanings but over the terms of public disorder.

During the past decade of legal abortion in the United States—a period of heightened political conservatism—advocates of women's reproductive freedom have faced a complicated paradox. Women's "right" to abortion remains, at least at this writing, embedded in the formal apparatus of the law and, depending on the wording of the questions, commands remarkably consistent and continuous support in national public opinion polls. Moreover, neither antiabortion crusades, innumerable court challenges, bureaucratic regulations, curtailment of Medicaid funding in all but a handful of states, a moratorium on all federal research on abortifacients, clinic harassment nor bombings have made a significant dent in abortion *practice*; about 1.5 million women a year in the United States still persist in getting abortions. This pattern shows that access to abortion will continue to be perceived by women as a necessity, if not a "right," so long as pregnancies occur in women's bodies.

Yet all around the edges of this little kernel of "right," tempers flare, firebombs destroy medical offices, antiabortion "rescue" squads harass patients and providers, and litigations pit pregnant women against vengeful spouses and irate male fetal advocates. Perhaps most serious of all, fetuses (and babies) have become icons of popular culture beside which pregnant women languish in disrepute [see Katha Pollitt, "A New Assault on Feminism," March 26]. This cultural guerrilla warfare against abortions (and the women who get them) has created a climate hospitable to the ultimate undoing of *Roe v. Wade*, an aim supported by many of the conservative judges with whom the Reagan Administration had by 1988 filled the country's highest courts. In *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services* a plurality of the Supreme Court, without actually rescinding the abortion right, was, in Justice Harry Blackmun's dissenting words, opening the door to "more and more restrictive" state regulation that will impede its "meaningful exercise."

This radical shift seems strange in light of the failures of antiabortion forces in the past decade in conventional political arenas. Since 1977, when the Hyde Amendment curtailing federal funding of abortions was passed, not a single major piece of antiabortion legislation has got through Congress. Particularly after the 1986 elections, when the Democrats recaptured the Senate, it became clear that the prospects for antiabortion legislative initiatives were null. And despite Presidents Reagan and Bush, who have strongly voiced antiabortion rhetoric, the Republican Party itself is not a bastion of antiabortion sentiment. Many Republican politicians now view the "pro-life" position as a distinct liability at the polls.

But in retrospect these failures appear negligible relative to the most effective political gain of the antiabortion movement in this period: the election of two Presidents committed to appointing conservatives who would pass the litmus test to the federal and Supreme Court benches. The real question is not how we tally up "pro-life" gains and losses in electoral and legislative contests but rather how "antiabortion" came to be a sign for a whole range of conservative values. In contrast with their limited gains in formal institutional politics, antiabortion forces have registered a seismic impact on symbolic politics, that is, on cultural and political discourse, media imagery and popular perceptions. More than ever, abortion is the fulcrum of a much broader ideological struggle in which the very meanings of the family, the state, motherhood and young women's sexuality are contested.

Abortion in the United States is still overwhelmingly a phenomenon of young, unmarried women, the majority of them teenagers or in their early 20s. Eighty-two percent of all women getting abortions in 1987 were unmarried, and nearly all were either working or attending school. Two-thirds had family incomes under $25,000 a year, and two-thirds were white, even though abortion rates are higher for black and Latino women. In other words, we are talking about young, single women who are working or students, most of them poor or working class—women who are trying to stay in school, develop their skills *and* maintain sexual lives before taking on marriage and childbearing. These facts more than any others—in a society still imbued with racist and patriarchal values about gender and sex—explain why women's abortion access, despite continued formal legality, is so fiercely contested.

Abortion in the 1970s and 1980s is the consequence, not cause, of complex and mostly positive changes in young women's lives since 1960: higher rates of employment and college attendance, later age at marriage (meaning inevitably

Rosalind Petchesky is director of women's studies at Hunter College. This article is adapted from the new introduction to the revised edition of her book Abortion and Woman's Choice, *which is being published this month by Northeastern University Press.*

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more premarital sex) and lower birthrates. The Alan Guttmacher Institute has published comprehensive studies showing that, while other developed countries have experienced similar trends and show similar levels of adolescent sexuality, the United States has "much lower rates of contraceptive use and much higher rates of childbearing, abortion and pregnancy" (especially among teenagers but also among older women) than nearly any other developed country. These more disturbing trends are also the result of complicated social conditions peculiar to the United States: first, the "absence of a unified system of primary health care provision," of which contraceptive services would be an integral and routine part; second, the severe social inequalities in this country, giving many poor young women little reason to plan or hope; and third, the "deep-seated ambivalence toward sexuality" in American culture, in which the glorification of rape and the refusal to advertise condoms can exist side by side.

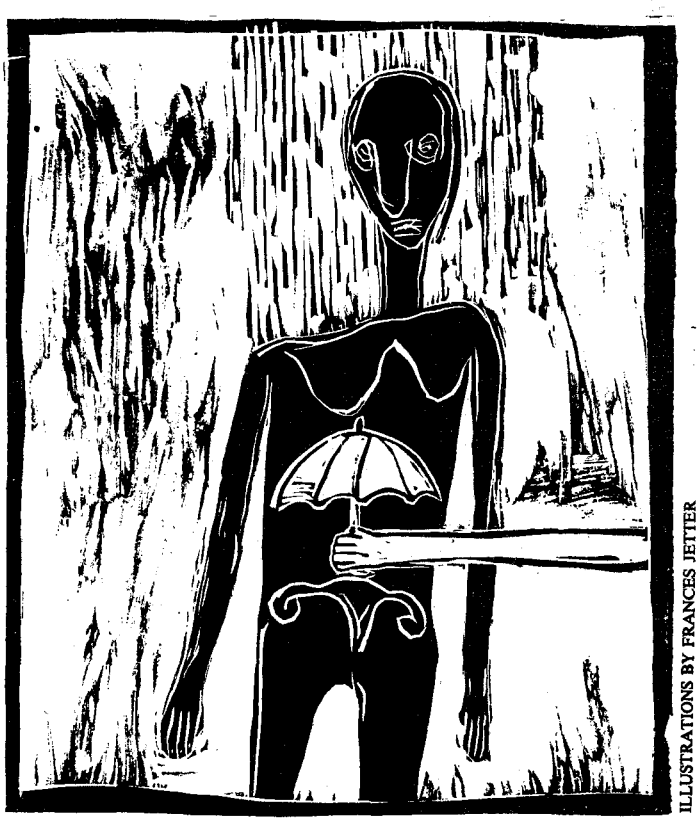
But these complicated social dynamics are difficult to see. How much simpler to blame young women for "promiscuity" and for "using abortion as a method of birth control," or to blame feminism, and abortion as its main signifier, for subverting the family. What disturbs many people about changes in family life over the past two decades is not that abortion is legal, but that teenagers seem lax and out of control; that sex seems out of control; that mothers are not home when they used to be (to take care of people and police teen sex); that fathers seem to be losing authority over wives and daughters; and that, for perhaps a majority of women at some time in their lives if not for good, having sex and raising children are perceived and experienced outside dependence on men. Indeed, the possibility of lesbian sexuality and lesbian motherhood as viable alternatives presents itself in a more open way than ever in modern history. I suspect that more people share fears about these trends than the small number who actively oppose a woman's right to get an abortion. Thus on one level "moral" opposition to abortion is a response to certain real dimensions of young and poor women's empowerment that many people find threatening.

When I was a teenager in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, the abortion experience was of course steeped in shame, but it had little to do with harm to the fetus. My generation of young middle-class women knew nothing about the fetus. Like the pregnancy scare and "unwed motherhood," abortion meant shame only because it connoted sex—you'd "done it" without the sanctity of marriage. White teenagers' sexuality in this historical milieu was mediated through an ingenious custom called petting, which was class-, race- and gender-specific and followed definite heterosexist codes. Sex was something you did secretly, in dark parked cars, and you did it only up to a certain point. Built into the very definition of the petting culture as a sexual practice was its own denial; along with shotgun marriages and homes for unwed mothers, it hid the reality of white middle-class women as sexual beings.

The 1970s and 1980s, without in any sense having brought us a "sexual revolution," caused changes in the *signs* of white female teenage sexuality. Birth control and abortion services, widely available without age or marital restrictions, have helped to make the young white woman's sexuality visible, thereby undermining historical race and class stereotypes of "nice girls" and "bad girls." The local abortion clinic represents the existence of her sexual identity independent of marriage, of paternal authority, perhaps of men; and so in a sense it connotes white feminism. This is an important missing piece of the story, and it is why the clinic becomes a target—of bombs and government regulation as well as of prayers—and why, for ardent antiabortionists, the solution of "more effective contraception" so misses the point. The clinic symbolically threatens white patriarchal control over "their" young women's sexual "purity," and thus becomes a target of white patriarchal wrath.

For the one-third of abortion clinic patients who are women of color, both the experience of abortion and the meanings of antiabortion resentment have been different from their meanings for white women. One is struck by the absence, in crowds of Operation Rescue demonstrators, of people of color; except for an occasional black preacher and his followers, it is overwhelmingly a white Christian movement. One senses that, whatever misgivings black and Latino people may have about abortion and the white feminists whom they perceive as leading the pro-choice movement, they are aware of the underlying racism of the antiabortion campaign. The denial of abortion funding and access is clearly racist in its consequences: Poor women are disproportionately women of color and are more likely to suffer deaths or injuries from illegal or botched abortions.

However, many black women have been reluctant to get involved in activities supporting women's abortion rights. To the extent that such activities are associated with white feminist



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aspirations to "sexual freedom," they may conflict with black women's experiences in several different ways. First, the sense of a collective past in which black women were systematically raped and sexually demeaned by white racists, having constantly to "prove" their "virtue," may make it difficult or painful for many black women to identify with a movement whose emphasis is "sexual liberation." Second, the abortion issue may simply pale next to the daily onslaught of life-and-death crises caused by inadequate health care; child and infant mortality rates twice as high as those for whites; death rates from childbirth four times, and from hypertension seventeen times, those of white women; and the decimation of families by AIDS, drugs and poverty.

People of color have often, and sometimes justifiably, been wary of those promoting abortion and birth control as more interested in racist eugenics or population control than in health. But racism can also take the form of white pronatalism. The pronatalism of the so-called right-to-life movement is not so much about numbers as it is about a patriarchal conception of women's roles as childbearers, mothers and wives. Yet a populationist note is also audible in the continued refrains about adoption as an "alternative to abortion." These appeal to commonly voiced concerns about the "shortage of babies to adopt," and this shortage, it is well known, specifically involves *white* babies. As Patricia Williams notes in the Autumn 1988 issue of *Signs*, while black people were bought and sold under slavery, now "it is white children who are bought and sold, [and] black babies have become 'worthless' currency to adoption agents—'surplus' in the salvage heaps of Harlem hospitals." What, one wonders, do antiabortionists intend should become of the approximately 500,000 additional nonwhite babies who would be born if hypothetically all abortions were to stop? Whether their solution is adoption by white upscale baby consumers (making poor women conscripted surrogate mothers) or increased poverty and suffering (since they oppose the level of social spending needed to help poor mothers raise their own babies), it is a patently racist and class-biased fantasy.

After seventeen years of legal abortion in the United States, feminists have learned that mere legality, even a constitutional right in terms of individual privacy, is perfectly compatible with a wide range of constraints on abortion access, particularly for poor women, rural women, women of color and young teenagers. Legality does not assure women material means, moral support or political legitimation in their abortion decisions. It certainly does not guarantee funding, conveniently located services, protection from harassment and intimidation at the clinic door or a uniform standard of good treatment once inside. Through a series of bureaucratic tactics and an official rhetorical stance, the neoconservative state under Reagan and Bush has continued to seek restrictions on women's access to abortion. In so doing, it has attempted to accommodate antiabortion politics to the formal doctrine of liberal privacy.

State-sponsored restrictions on abortion access take a variety of forms, but they are harshest for poor women, who suffer from the cutoff of federal and state funds and a shortage of public services, and for teenage women, who in many states and localities are hindered by parental consent or notification requirements. Since no doctor or facility is *required* to provide abortions in a market-dominated medical economy, they are in fact unavailable in many locales. Eighty-two percent of U.S. counties, particularly in rural areas, are without any abortion providers at all. Well before the *Webster* decision public hospitals, upon which most poor and rural women rely for their health care, increasingly refused to provide abortion services, accounting for only 13 percent of induced abortions in 1985. To whatever extent such policies affect the actual number of women getting abortions, they frame the meaning of abortion as an individual and social experience.

The struggle to achieve women's reproductive freedom cannot succeed in the long run if conducted as a civil liberties struggle for individual privacy. At bottom it is a deeply cultural and social conflict for which formal legality provides at best a thin protective cover. What is lost in the language of liberal privacy is the concept of social rights, familiar in most European social democracies: that society has a responsibility to ameliorate the conditions that make either abortion or childbearing a hard, painful choice for some women, and that the bearers of this right are not so much isolated individuals as they are members of social groups with distinct needs.

That is why a feminist politics of reproductive rights cannot rest solely on the notion of privacy. The real paradox—and tragedy—of the past seventeen years of legal abortion is not that although the majority of people believe in "individual choice," politicians and judges do not listen. Rather, it is that the majority believe in "individual choice"—the language of privacy—but fail to connect this belief to the social changes and affirmative public efforts needed to make such choice real for *all* women. A full reproductive rights agenda must involve access not only to abortion services and funds but to adequate prenatal care, maternal, infant and child health services, child care, housing, sex education without stigma, drug treatment and, of course, universal health insurance. While antiabortionists clamor for the rights of fetuses and embryos, we live in a society in which one-fifth of children, more than one-fourth of all black children and one-third of all poor children have no health coverage at all. As Gloria Joseph wrote in 1981, "Given these realities of health care [as] seen by Black people, White women must understand why Black women do not devote their full energies to the abortion issue. The emphasis has to be on total health care." Until privacy or autonomy is redefined in reference to social justice provisions that can give it substance for the poorest women, it will remain not only a class-biased and racist concept but an antifeminist one, insofar as it is premised on a denial of social responsibility to improve the conditions of women as a group.

Happily, a new political movement based on a broader array of forces than feminism has yet known is beginning to emerge under the vocal leadership of black feminists active in the reproductive rights struggle. Perhaps the most be-

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sieged clinic in the country is the Atlanta Feminist Women's Health Center. The center's former health education director, Dazon Dixon, herself black, tells a story about a young black client trying to maneuever through Operation Rescue pickets and television cameras so she could enter the clinic for an abortion:

> When a young looking, blonde and blue-eyed white man screamed charges at her that the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. would "turn over in his grave for what she is doing" and that she was contributing to the genocide of African-Americans, she broke. She stopped, stared him in his eyes with tears in hers, then quietly and coolly said, "You're a white boy, and you don't give a damn about me, who I am or what I do. And you even know less about Martin Luther King or being Black. What you have to say to me means nothin', not a damn thing." He was silenced and she walked on.

That young woman's voice foretells the future, not only of abortion politics but of feminism in America. □

BULGARIA'S OPPOSITION

Struggling To Be Born

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ

I was in Sofia in mid-February when the first issue of the opposition newspaper *Demokratia* was published. "Look," my friend said excitedly, holding the thin paper in his hands, as if he didn't really believe it. "It's the first sign of freedom." From that day on, he woke up at 5:30 in the morning and waited about half an hour in line in front of his local kiosk to get it. Once home, he would go back to sleep: It was important to have the newspaper, one of the very few alternative sources of news. But people like my friend who welcomed political change and democracy were, he explained, not the only ones waiting for *Demokratia* at dawn. There were also a lot of retired people, Communist Party members who, following instructions from the party, bought copies, brought them to the square in front of the National Assembly building and burned them. Later, on the TV news, this was explained as a "people's protest" against the opposition.

This is in a way a symbol of the new situation in Bulgaria. On one hand, there is the enthusiasm and hope of the people who are hungry for uncensored information and prepared to wait in line for *Demokratia*, the newspaper of the Union of Democratic Forces (U.D.F.), or the social democratic paper, *Svoboden Narod* ("Free People"). On the other hand, there is the Bulgarian Communist Party (B.C.P.), fighting to stay in power and trying to keep its hands clean at the same time, in part by its recent name change to the Bulgarian Socialist Party. The battle is raging; the winner is

Slavenka Drakulić is a Yugoslav journalist and writer whose latest novel, Marble Skin, *is a best seller in Yugoslavia.*

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uncertain. In this highly politicized society, every move by the government or Communist Party is watched with suspicion. The process of change can't be stopped, but the obstacles are great and visible.

The process began last October, with an international meeting on ecology attended by representatives from thirty-five countries and by many foreign journalists. Because of the foreign media presence, some 150 human rights activists and members of unofficial Bulgarian opposition organizations such as Eco-glasnost and the independent trade union Podkrepa took a chance and turned out for the meeting, the first that had not been broken up by the police. They voiced their criticisms of the party openly, capturing the attention and the sympathy of Western reporters and governments. Afterward, they did not face the usual punishment of the state—imprisonment—a sign that this last bastion of Communism (apart from Albania) was giving up.

Bulgaria was for a long time such a devoted and peaceful satellite of the Soviet Union that Todor Zhivkov, General Secretary of the B.C.P., even proposed that the country become one of the Soviet republics. Fortunately this did not materialize. But the party, like its Soviet counterpart, did not leave the initiative for democratic change to the "streets." It started the reform of the party and the state at once, perhaps under the influence of changes in other Eastern European countries. On November 10 the 78-year-old Zhivkov was removed from his position. For thirty-five years he had been Bulgaria's undisputed leader, the longest-ruling figure in the Eastern bloc. Zhivkov was a symbol of the totalitarian state. The purge of "Zhivkovists" after November 10 was not easy, and it split the party organization first in two, and later into at least four factions. Many would say that even today the "Zhivkovist" mafia continues to rule the party. In January Andrei Lukanov, who is considered to be the author of the new reforms, became Prime Minister. Alexander Lilov was named head of the Supreme Council, the party's newly created Presidium.

"Ludmila's lover," the crowd shouted the night Lilov was elected. It was widely known that he had indeed been the lover of Zhivkov's daughter Ludmila, who was one of the most important persons in the country—a member of Parliament, Minister of Culture and obviously intended to be her father's successor. Despised because of nepotism, she died after a car accident in 1981, at the age of 39. But my friend, a well-known Bulgarian journalist, told me another story: "She had cancer. Before death she was eating only macrobiotic food and doing yoga all day long." Stories about the Zhivkov family circulate so freely that one wonders if they are disseminated on purpose by the party. There is one about the enormous Zhivkov fortune, another about his killing a television reporter. Then there are the tales of his son Vladimir, who spent vast sums of money gambling in casinos. The latest joke asks the definition of zero: Zero is Vlatko (Vladimir) without his *tatko* (father). "They won't bring Todor Zhivkov to court even though he has been arrested," says another well-connected friend. "They will keep him in the hospital and pretend he is sick until he dies. They are too afraid to put him on trial." The Communists, meanwhile, are trying to draw a line between the past and the present. We are different, the line goes: Zhivkov, Ceausescu or Stalin were to blame, not the party. But as they say in Bulgaria, not even children believe this.

In the meantime, about a hundred opposition groups and parties have formed, and the strongest twenty or so have united in the U.D.F. coalition. Their president is Zheliu Zhelev, "the Bulgarian Sakharov," a professor of philosophy and a well-known dissident. He was barred from teaching at the university and spent years in prison. His books have been banned in Bulgaria; in one on the totalitarian state he draws a parallel between Communism and fascism. In early January the U.D.F. forced the government into round-table negotiations, threatening it with a general strike. The U.D.F. felt confident enough to do this because in November and December it had drawn more than 100,000 people to its meetings in Sofia. Among its demands were political democracy and a state governed by law, a multiparty system, free elections, a market economy, depoliticization of the military and constitutional reform. As a result, Article One of the Constitution, which had guaranteed the leading role of the Communist Party, was soon changed. New parties were then allowed to register, and in that sense Bulgaria went further with its reforms than the Soviet Union, especially after abolishing party organizations in the army.

The Bulgarian Communists call it "a peaceful revolution," proud that no blood was shed. But the government proved unable to undertake economic reform. Faced with more than 300 strikes in January alone (with at least 200,000 participants) demanding better living conditions, it responded with nothing more than clichéd declarations and appeals.

Social tensions are growing. Bulgaria's foreign debt stands at $12 billion, and the decay of the economy is evident in the shops: only one kind of cheese, no vegetables except cabbage and potatoes, one kind of salami, no milk, no fruit, no chocolate or candy . . . nor much of anything else. I imagine a Western visitor would feel desperately hungry at this display of poverty. But Bulgarian cheese, peppers, tomatoes and succulent peaches can easily be found in Sweden, Germany or the United States, and one wonders what kind of economy this is, starving its own people. You learn fast to buy whatever is available, so I joined a line in front of a

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grocery store without knowing what people were waiting for. It turned out they were waiting for eggs, and I bought a dozen. But when I brought them home to my host, she was desperate. "Only a dozen!" she exclaimed. "What can I do with a dozen eggs? When you were so lucky to spot them, you should have bought at least five dozen, because God knows when they will come again." If one has the patience to traipse around the city and wait in lines, it's possible to scrounge all the bare necessities. However, refrigerators or TV sets or washing machines or any other appliances are much harder to find. There is a waiting list of 600,000 for cars, which are imported from the Soviet Union. Not only are they prohibitively expensive but delivery can take up to ten years!

The dream of democracy among ordinary Bulgarians is more and more identified with a vision of higher living standards. Therefore one may conclude that the planned June 10 elections will be won by those who offer the better

economic program. But things are not so simple. Whoever comes to power (most likely a Communist-U.D.F. coalition) can hardly change the chaotic economy overnight.

According to recent public opinion polls, the Communists will receive an extraordinarily high 40 percent of the vote. This is hard to explain: Perhaps people still act out of fear. But there are also arguments in favor of the party. For one, it is credited with starting the process of change. Also, there is the egalitarian mentality of people brought up with the notion that everyone should have the same—even if what they have is nothing. The Communists could decide to manipulate this, stressing the opposition's demand for a free market and its consequences, such as unemployment and greater social inequality.

The party's other potential argument is the upsurge of ethnic nationalism against Turks. Since 1984 the Turkish minority of 1.5 million has been forcibly assimilated. Turks were obliged to register themselves as Bulgarians and adopt Bulgarian names. Because their elementary human rights were denied, about 300,000 of them left for Turkey. Bulgaria's new leaders have restored their rights, and some have returned. But now those Bulgarians who benefited from the Turks' absence (by taking possession of their vacant apartments) are holding violent protest meetings against Turks. Potentially dangerous ethnic nationalist tensions bring with them the danger that the Communists' option of "saving the country" from chaos may be reinforced.

The opposition is very weak, fragmented and lacking funds to mount a proper election campaign. "We operate under impossible conditions," says Elka Konstandinova, a famous literary critic and leader of the Radical Democratic Party. Konstandinova was the only woman at the round-table talks. "You see, there are hardly any typewriters or Xerox machines, or even paper. The typing and distribution of our program is enormously difficult for us. And how do you suppose we'll go into the country and hold meetings, inform the people there? We have no money and our access to the media is controlled by the B.C.P."

Paradoxically enough, the current social tensions may also work to the opposition's advantage, since they could escalate into antigovernment riots. But the time factor is definitely not in the opposition's favor. The government wants elections as soon as possible because for the time being the Communists are Bulgaria's strongest and best-organized political force. Postponing elections until the autumn would give the opposition more time to organize. Well aware of this, the opposition has demanded a postponement. But if the elections go ahead on schedule, this could mean that the Eastern European "domino theory" will not work in Bulgaria and that the Communists, with strong opposition, will continue to rule. They are fast learners: As Alexander Lilov said recently, "Yes, we have an opposition and you should congratulate us on that. A democratic society is not possible without political opposition."

The U.D.F. is not just sitting around and waiting for things to happen. Apart from holding meetings and round-table talks, they have started to work on political marketing. Recently, the biggest name in French advertising, Jacques Ségela, visited Sofia to help the U.D.F. His track record includes helping to create the image of the Hungarian Democratic Forum, Poland's Solidarity, French President François Mitterrand and George Bush. At the same time, British publishing magnate Robert Maxwell has promised a thousand tons of printing paper, to be distributed equally among the opposition parties.

But U.D.F. leader Zhelev has something else in mind: the possible role of the Soviet Union in the democratization of Bulgaria. "If it comes to a civil war there," he says, "if the Gorbachev position becomes weak or if he falls, this will destabilize the U.S.S.R., which may have bloody repercussions here as well. That is why we are asking for quick changes, so that we can cross the Rubicon and make it impossible to turn back." □

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DRIVING THE SICK UNDERGROUND

HIV Testing—A Phony Cure

SANDOR KATZ

As the AIDS crisis in the United States accelerates into its tenth year, panicked health authorities are adopting counterproductive and coercive policies instead of confronting the difficult realities of treating people with AIDS and halting the spread of HIV, the virus believed to cause AIDS. Policy-makers in search of a magic bullet have focused on testing people for the presence of HIV antibodies, reporting to health authorities the names of people who test positive and finding and notifying their sexual and needle-sharing partners. Despite evidence that these measures discourage those at greatest risk of getting AIDS from seeking information and care, almost half the nation's states now report, in most or all cases, names of people who are HIV positive. This past December the American Medical Association officially endorsed mandatory name reporting and called for aggressive contact tracing as well (contact tracing is when authorities notify sexual or needle-sharing partners of the HIV infected that they are at risk). But aside from advocating widespread HIV testing, "most of the nation's physicians are still failing to take part in the fight to treat and control the deadly disease," according to a recent investigation by Bruce Lambert of *The New York Times*. The medical establishment's response to AIDS mirrors that of the federal government and many states and localities, where the focus of AIDS policy is identification of the infected rather than care and prevention.

Social control in the name of public health has a long and illustrious history in this country. The legacy of wholesale quarantines of immigrants and prostitutes gives other disenfranchised groups good reason to fear name reporting of people who are HIV positive. Given the stigma of AIDS and the vulnerability of the groups hardest hit by it so far—gay men, drug addicts and their partners and children—there is an ever-present danger that public health officials will trample on civil liberties in their zeal to do something (or at least to appear to be doing something) to fight AIDS. New York's recently departed Health Commissioner, Stephen Joseph, was condemned by virtually every AIDS service-providing agency in the city for his proposal to compile lists of the names of people testing HIV positive. In a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece in February, Joseph wrote, "Concern for the individual liberties of those currently infected must take second place to the protection of the uninfected and the larger community."

But do the civil liberties of the HIV infected really conflict with the protection of the uninfected? Dr. Mervyn Silverman, president of the American Foundation for AIDS Research and the former San Francisco Health Commissioner who made the controversial decision to close the gay bathhouses in that city in 1984, thinks not. "Whenever there is a conflict between public health and civil liberties, public health always wins," he says. But in the case of AIDS, he continues, "they are consonant. If I can make it safe for you to come in [for testing and health care], you'll do it. If you think you'll lose your civil liberties, you won't come in." Ronald Johnson, executive director of New York's Minority Task Force on AIDS, concurs in saying that any public health policy that arouses fears of repression "would be counterproductive to public health goals because it would drive people away" from testing and care.

HIV testing has raised the specter of discrimination in employment, housing, health insurance and other areas. When the HIV test was still in development in 1984, for instance, Florida health authorities received a request from a school district to use the test to screen out gay teachers, which they properly denied. A recent national survey conducted by the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation and the University of California at Los Angeles found that, despite promises of confidentiality, two-thirds of the nation's hospitals indicate HIV status openly on patients' medical charts, and many hospitals routinely test patients without their knowledge or consent. Stories abound of test results leaking out, and insurance companies routinely test applicants and share the names of HIV-infected individuals. Due to the lack of effective legal protection from discrimination on the basis of HIV status, most AIDS activists have opposed anything but anonymous and voluntary testing. Blood samples tested anonymously are identified by a number to insure that the name of the tested individual is never known.

The appeal of name reporting for health authorities is that it gives them greater control over any follow-up procedures. But there is convincing evidence that such policies backfire. A now-classic University of South Carolina study, presented at the Fourth International Conference on AIDS in Stockholm in 1988, charted changes in HIV testing patterns after South Carolina repealed anonymous testing in 1986 and established mandatory name reporting. The number of gay men tested dropped by 51 percent. While the total number of people tested increased slightly, the overall rate of seropositivity among those being tested decreased by 43 percent. The study demonstrates that ending anonymous testing and requiring the reporting of names serve to scare away from diagnostic information and health care those people at greatest risk. Despite the evidence that mandatory reporting is a counterproductive health policy, it is winning widespread support. With the passage of a New Jersey law earlier this year, twenty-five states now require name reporting in most cases; nine of those states do not allow anonymous testing at all.

Mandatory name reporting is usually accompanied by contact tracing. It is desirable for people to inform past and present partners who may be at risk and not know it. Discussion of notification procedures is an important component of the post-test counseling process, and every state

Sandor Katz is a writer and AIDS activist living in New York. His work has appeared in OutWeek *magazine.*

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has voluntary partner notification programs in which people can ask counselors to notify partners for them. But contact tracing raises frightening civil liberties questions when it moves beyond the purely voluntary. Patients can feel coerced into revealing the names of partners, fearing that services will be withheld if they don't, and doctors and health authorities frequently breach confidentiality to inform partners without the patient's consent. Because of the stigma attached to AIDS and the sexual and drug-using behaviors with which it is generally associated, people often are afraid to inform partners. Many doctors and public health authorities feel that, justified though the fear of telling partners may be, it is unconscionable not to tell them, and that it is their medical duty to inform the partners if the HIV-infected patient refuses to do so. The gay community has taken a firm position opposing such breaches of confidentiality, arguing that, as with name reporting, the threat of such action is *precisely* what will keep people away from testing and health care. "If your primary goal is to notify unsuspecting partners," says Nan Hunter, director of the A.C.L.U.'s AIDS and Civil Liberties Project, "you can be damn sure you'll never get to them if their partners don't come in in the first place."

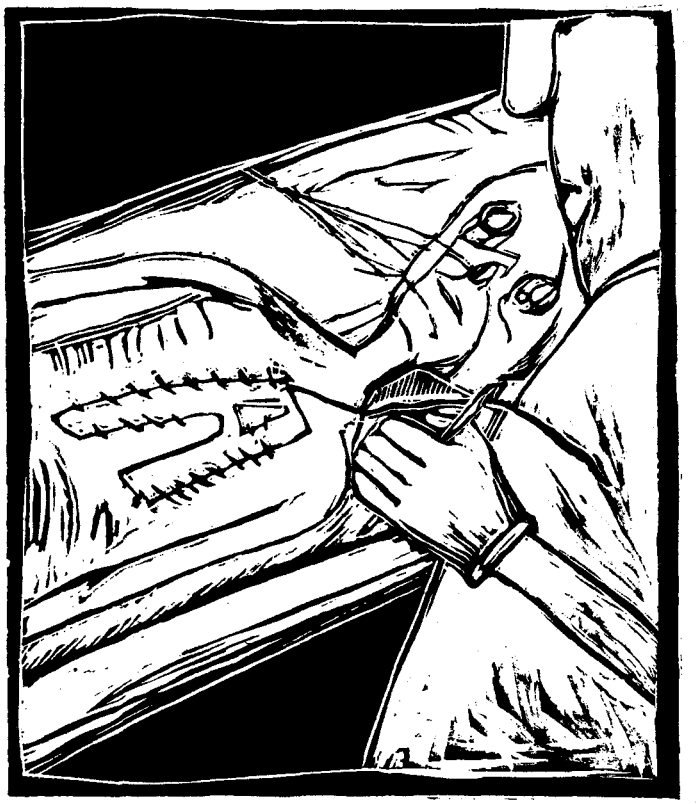
There is no unanimity among AIDS activists on contact tracing; class, race, gender and sexual orientation all come into play. "I think the gay community has valid and serious concerns about contact tracing," says Debra Fraser-Howze, executive director of New York's Black Leadership Commission on AIDS. But Fraser-Howze believes that for women the issues are different: "We are beginning to ask, Why are we not letting these women know they are at risk?" For Marie St. Cyr, executive director of New York's Women and AIDS Resource Network (WARN), the question of breaching confidentiality is more complex. "Contact tracing tends to be coercive and punitive toward women," she says, noting that partner notification for HIV-positive women often results in physical violence against them from the men informed.

Opponents of contact tracing also note that it can drain resources from treatment and education programs. Multiple contacts, and lack of information about how to reach them, create vast logistical challenges. "A lot of people can be going on a lot of wild-goose chases," cautions St. Cyr. A study of the contact-tracing provisions of Representative William Dannemeyer's Proposition 102, defeated by California voters in 1988, estimated initial costs of $765 million and ongoing costs of $25 million a year for a state in which total AIDS spending in the 1988-89 fiscal year was below $75 million. This study's authors, University of California, Berkeley, economists Robert Anderson and John Quigley, concluded that "adoption of Proposition 102 would have required a massive diversion of funds from other programs, including, in all likelihood, proven programs for prevention of HIV transmission."

The spread of AIDS can be halted only by appealing to the rationality of human beings bent on personal survival. If human behavior can be changed—and the experience of the gay male community in the first decade of the epidemic suggests that it can—it will take aggressive education efforts. This entails explicit risk-reduction information from an early age, targeted education efforts, mass-media reinforcement and support from existing institutions, from health and social service agencies to churches and schools. "If we are looking seriously at prevention, it needs to be a global approach," St. Cyr says, in support of the idea that locating and testing identified contacts solves nothing when everyone is potentially at risk. Mervyn Silverman concurs: "Our goal is to get the emphasis and mind-set on educating everybody."

The alternative places the full burden of responsibility on the HIV-infected individual. This is the view that supports breaches of confidentiality and the logic of incarcerating people who have sex without announcing they are HIV positive. Indiana's health department, under Dr. Woodrow Myers, put two HIV-infected people in "isolation" and issued pre-quarantine warnings to ten others, threatening that "engaging in an intimate sexual act *even with the use of barrier technique* (condoms or rubbers), without informing your partner that you carry HIV," could lead to detention. [Emphasis added.] Myers has since been named New York City Health Commissioner by Mayor David Dinkins, over the vocal objections of the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) and many AIDS service providers and gay groups.

Many public health advocates and civil libertarians interviewed in the course of researching this article believe there are behaviors that expose others to HIV risk and should be subject to state control, such as quarantine. They recount worst-case scenarios which vary in detail but generically consist of a vindictive "AIDS monster" deliberately infecting scores of innocents, à la Gaetan Dugas as he was sensationalized as "Patient Zero" in Randy Shilts's book *And the Band Played On*. But even in the worst-case scenarios, punishing such individuals as a matter of public policy



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would do little to protect anyone from AIDS, for it does nothing to alter anyone else's risky behavior.

The HIV virus is not easily transmitted. It can be forced on a well-informed person only through rape or physical assault. Aside from those exceptions, people can protect themselves from it. But they can protect themselves only by behaving as if every sexual partner is HIV infected. Screening partners is ineffective. The facts of HIV are that it takes from several months to several years after transmission of the virus to develop antibodies, and people can live with HIV for many years without symptoms. If people know what sexual acts are unsafe and how they can be made safer with condoms and dental dams (for cunnilingus), then it doesn't matter what a partner's status is, whether the partner knows his or her status or whether the partner chooses to share that information. A urine test to detect HIV antibodies has been developed by New York University researcher Alvin Friedman-Kien, who envisions its use as a home test to "check out your lover" before having sex. Such screening promotes a false sense of security, due to the lag between the time of HIV infection and the appearance of antibodies. People who engage in unsafe behavior do so at their own risk. Until there is a cure, we are all living with AIDS.

Regarding the possibility of quarantine, the A.C.L.U.'s Nan Hunter says that "it's certainly conceivable that it could be justified," so long as the state "first exhausts every possible less restrictive alternative, proves that there is an imminent risk to others and affords full due process." But these lines are already being crossed. In Indiana an HIV-infected person (and the state knows who that is, thanks to name reporting) is considered an imminent risk to others if he or she does not announce his or her HIV status to sexual partners, even if they are practicing safer sex. Some states' HIV laws refer not only to people infected with HIV but those "suspected" of it. "Remember, there is an attitude that the people involved in this [AIDS] are disgusting scumbags to begin with," notes Rodger Pettyjohn, a nurse formerly at New York's Community Health Project who has AIDS himself. The prospect of quarantine laws being abused is a chilling one. What could be more appealing to opportunistic politicians functioning in a climate of panic?

No less horrific a figure than Adolf Hitler devoted his attention to the control of syphilis. In "the medical struggle against the plague," the Führer wrote in *Mein Kampf*, "there must be no half-measures; the gravest and most ruthless decisions will have to be made. It is a half-measure to let incurably sick people steadily contaminate the remaining healthy ones." Hitler's ideological descendants recognize AIDS as a potent issue to mobilize fear. North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms advocates universal testing and says, "I think somewhere along the line we are going to have to quarantine, if we are really going to contain this disease." Lyndon LaRouche's unsuccessful 1986 ballot proposition calling for the quarantine of all HIV-positive individuals was supported by 2 million California voters. In this atmosphere, would you want the government to know you were HIV infected?

It is against this backdrop that the overall role of HIV testing in the fight against AIDS must be understood. One important political appeal of testing is that it is cheap and easy. Public health officials generally view testing as part of prevention. But where is the rest of the strategy? Providing drug treatment to intravenous drug users is difficult and expensive, and provision of explicit safer-sex education and clean needles is controversial and therefore easier not to do. The isolationist approach to AIDS prevention, which costs relatively little compared with universal education and gives the appearance of action, is HIV testing, contact tracing and the threat of quarantine.

Increasingly, the HIV test is being viewed as a diagnostic tool for purposes of treatment. Aerosolized pentamidine can prevent pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, the single biggest killer of people with AIDS, and low doses of AZT, or azidothymidine, may slow the virus's effects. With the advent of such early intervention treatments for asymptomatic HIV-infected people, many AIDS activists have begun to warm to testing, although generally with the caveat that the decision of whether to get tested is complex and must remain up to the individual.

For most AIDS activists, the primary consideration in thinking about testing is access to quality health care (as well as supportive social services), without which it is not possible to take advantage of early intervention therapies. And, as Stephen Beck, former executive director of the National Association of People with AIDS, points out, "That's not a reality for most people." In New York, waits of several days in hospital emergency rooms are common, while waiting lists for primary health care clinics are measured in weeks and months. St. Cyr of WARN laments, "Without the support network, I really have to think, What is it that I am offering someone [by getting them tested]? What is the level of psychological punishment that I am asking people to take?" Rodger Pettyjohn asks, "Since the needs of people already diagnosed aren't being met, how are we supposed to believe that the government will do anything more for more people?" The expected passage of $600 million in emergency federal AIDS assistance will be an important step in the right direction, but providing adequate health care will require a far greater commitment of spending.

Federal AIDS research has so far yielded little, being driven more by scientific egos and the pursuit of pharmaceutical profits than by health needs. While the National Institutes of Health reorganizes its data, new drug trials are being held up. (ACT UP plans to storm the N.I.H. on May 21.) Progress has instead come out of places like New York's Community Research Initiative, where the tests for aerosolized pentamidine were conducted, and which the feds have refused to fund. In case after case, the Food and Drug Administration has failed to release promising drugs until AIDS activists forced them to.

The government is not mobilizing to help people with AIDS survive or to stop the spread of HIV. "All across the country there is a cry for leadership from the Federal Government," stated the National Commission on AIDS in its April report to President Bush, who has refused to address the Sixth International Conference on AIDS being held in

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San Francisco next month. This dismal record leaves AIDS activists suspicious of the focus on testing and frightened of what the future appears to hold. □

GARBAGE WARS

Citizens Take on The 'Experts'

LOUIS BLUMBERG AND
ROBERT GOTTLIEB

The expert, a chemist in the consulting firm hired by the Los Angeles Bureau of Sanitation, was a bit taken aback as about thirty pounds of unsorted trash, presumably a sample of the city's solid waste stream, arrived in her lab one day. She was among the army of "experts" the city and Ogden Martin, a big waste company, were paying to smooth the way for a mammoth trash incinerator to be located in a poor black and Latino neighborhood of South Central L.A. The consulting firm, Brown and Caldwell, had been selected to conduct, among other things, tests on the potential toxicity of the ash residue and on the moisture content of the waste. The results were then to be forwarded to the California Department of Health Services, which would decide whether the ash should be designated "hazardous" or "nonhazardous," a crucial distinction in the decision to go ahead with a plant expected to burn 1,600 tons of trash each day.

Once the consultant's tests were performed, the health department moved quickly to provide the "nonhazardous" classification. When later interviewed, however, neither the Sanitation Bureau nor the chemist could document what was actually burned in the test, how the small amount of garbage burned was selected or even if ferrous metals were present in the sample, though the central purpose of the test was to determine if metals might leach from the ash. The use of expertise, one could say, was a matter of doing what needed to be done to obtain the necessary results.

In today's battles over garbage, toxic waste and other environmental hazards, the role of expertise has indeed become more central and controversial. Experts are being called on to evaluate risks, play down uncertainties and provide the scientific and economic rationale for unpopular projects. They have become decision makers by default, as public officials hide behind the guise of "objective assessment" to avoid making tough choices on problems as difficult as waste disposal. In Los Angeles the experts were eventually challenged by outraged citizens, whose opposition made it politically impossible for the project to go forward. As was evident in that case, the deployment of expertise often frames the conflicts between community groups and the waste industry, between "self-taught" citizen experts and "official" experts. Ultimately the waste wars have become wars over terminology and the democratization of information.

A whole new cottage industry of consultants has emerged to provide both technical and public relations services for government and waste-industry clients. "Risk communication," based on numerical comparisons of environmental risks to the everyday risks involved in, say, driving a car or flying in a plane, has become their forte. These expert consultants not only provide their clients with an analysis invariably biased toward minimizing danger; they also offer strategies for convincing communities that such analysis is compelling.

While the blatantly political use of expertise is not a new phenomenon—the debates over nuclear power and "sanitary" landfills during the 1970s come to mind—it was the dramatic rise of incineration as a waste-disposal strategy in the 1980s, with its sales pitch about state-of-the-art and risk-free technology, that intensified the conflicts over waste disposal and further elevated the role of the experts. High-tech incinerators, the industry proclaimed, would eliminate unhealthful air emissions—a prime hazard from an earlier generation of facilities—while solving the problem of waste buildup by burning all kinds of unsorted materials. Technical and scientific consultants were hired to perform perfunctory health risk and environmental impact assessments, some of which, like the Los Angeles toxicity test, bordered on the ludicrous. Policy-makers talked of deferring all judgment until the experts had spoken; meanwhile, they created an evaluation process that inevitably led to the desired conclusion. Time and again the experts assigned to an environmental review were none other than those associated with the plant owner or operator—technical guns for hire, with their target the community most directly affected by the facility under review.

This use of expertise has generated its own special kind of arrogance and antidemocratic posture on the part of industry and government. Not surprisingly, a closed circuit of "expert" consultants (some of whom are housed in universities), government analysts and waste-industry officials is commonplace. While he was on the board of directors of waste-industry giant BFI, William Ruckelshaus, later to become the company's chief executive officer, helped recruit Marcia Williams from his old haunt at the Environmental Protection Agency, where she headed the Office of Solid Waste [see Jim Sibbison, "Revolving Door at the E.P.A.," November 6, 1989].

This coziness between government and industry, expert and public official, has affected the direction of research and its influence on policy making. At scientific conferences, for example, government and industry representatives have argued that research into dioxin emissions and toxicity in incineration is unnecessary. The big research money, such as the National Science Foundation's multimillion-dollar grants for engineering research centers at universities across the country, has gone for improving the state of incineration technology rather than exploring its hazards or, most important, seeking ways to reduce the wastes at their source. Community concerns about potential

Louis Blumberg and Robert Gottlieb are the authors of War on Waste: Can America Win Its Battle With Garbage? *(Island Press).*

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health hazards are dismissed as unimportant or irrational, with a whole new research area created to analyze this "irrationality" and evaluate methods of communication to offset or isolate anger within the community.

Community resistance has necessarily been drawn into this information battleground, becoming a critical factor in the incineration boom by essentially stopping the waste industry's game plan in its tracks. Faced with technical arguments presented in an obscuring and intimidating manner, community groups (derisively characterized by opponents as NIMBYs, or Not In My Backyard movements) have quickly familiarized themselves with their adversaries' language and directly confronted their arguments. Many of these citizen groups have formed their own networks, sharing technical information as well as organizing tips, rallying round new slogans such as "Not in Anyone's Backyard" and "Not on Planet Earth." They have developed their own analytic tools to evaluate the waste crisis and have come up with a range of alternative strategies, from waste reduction to recycling that is intensive—i.e., tackling in some form as much as 70 to 80 percent of the waste stream—rather than symbolic in nature. Without setting out to do so, they have found themselves increasingly addressing the question of democratic control of information and the public's right to intervene in production decisions.

In response to such forceful and unanticipated opposition, incineration advocates have stepped up their own use of scientific consultants. The question of whether to proceed with this technology, they say, is essentially a "value-free" technical decision based on cost evaluations, risk assessments and engineering/scientific calculations, not an "emotional" or "political" decision. Yet technical information is often skewed, both in the questions that are asked and in the results that are obtained. As of this year, none of the health risk assessments farmed out to experts had even included the issue of toxic ash residue as part of their review. Moreover, collusion between companies and experts on the matter of results is not unknown. One company's hired attorney, writing in the margin of a draft risk assessment for an incinerator planned for New York's St. Lawrence County, straightforwardly asked the expert consultant to lower the calculations somehow, saying "the risk numbers still come out too high."

The economic viability of incineration plants is another crucial issue dealt with by experts, whose calculations almost always ignore proposed or anticipated subsidies as they relate to the sale of energy produced by the plants. These subsidies end up as hidden costs for either the general taxpayer or area-wide utility ratepayers. Ignoring the high-stakes lobbying, influence peddling and vote buying that is usually associated with a decision to proceed with an incinerator (often a local government's most expensive public works project ever), incineration advocates have attacked community opposition as narrow, ignorant and "self-interested." An incinerator, on the other hand, is said to be in the "general interest."

To prove the point former New Jersey Governor Thomas Kean, livid at community opposition to incinerator plans in his state, once called for "flying squads" of experts "armed with laboratory data" to descend into resistant communities to explain the real truth about project hazards. Waste companies have threatened and in some cases filed lawsuits against community activists, adding an additional layer of expertise-related intimidation. And industry groups, furious at the challenges to their technical arguments, have even characterized the "NIMBY syndrome" as a "public health problem of the first order . . . a reoccurring mental illness that continues to infect the public," as characterized by the Governmental Refuse Collection and Disposal Association.

Despite these attacks, community groups have defiantly insisted on the need to democratize information. Recently a network of activist-experts has emerged to link up with the grass-roots groups. Like the communities they assist, many of these activist-experts are also new to the waste arena and have relied on their educational backgrounds and willingness to research basic health, environmental and economic issues to confront their expert counterparts.

Three of the most influential of the activist-experts are Peter Montague, editor of "Rachel's Hazardous Waste News," a provocative, informative and feisty weekly newsletter published from Princeton, New Jersey, and Paul and Ellen Connett, editors of "Waste Not," another weekly newsletter published from Canton, New York. These publications have become essential reading for community groups, making obscure documents and reports accessible, covering project battles and revealing information the waste industry would rather keep hidden, such as recent European studies on highly toxic mercury air emissions from incineration. Montague and the Connetts have also become sought-after advisers to local groups, helping to expand the community's knowledge and diminish the intimidating effect of

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the official experts. In response they have sought to make accessibility to technical information a confidence-building experience. "You can learn it too," Montague and the Connetts assert.

The rise of this movement to democratize information throws into relief the way in which technical information is used to shape public policy. The rapid takeoff of the waste-incineration strategy during the 1980s flowed in part from the existence of powerful biases within the policy-making establishment in favor of technical solutions and officially sanctioned expertise. These biases soon came to be challenged by groups and individuals who proclaim that information belongs to all the people and that any assumptions underlying the use of such information have to be made explicit. Today the incineration strategy—as with the landfill strategy before it—has come to an impasse, thanks largely to this successful counter to an expertise-driven approach. But instead of applauding and rewarding such displays of democratic input and community empowerment, public officials and their waste-industry counterparts continue to speak darkly of the NIMBYs and desperately search for ways to convince communities that it is *their* experts who must be believed. With talk of a waste crisis in the air, the expertise battle has become in effect a battle over democracy in this most crucial environmental arena. □

Southern Africa

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

tuguese colonialism marked the beginning of the end of white rule. First, the liberation movement victories against Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique and Angola sent a shock wave of hope through South Africa's black townships, fueling the 1976 student revolts, reviving black South Africa's long-dormant tradition of resistance, drawing an impatient younger generation into the African National Congress (A.N.C.) and thus advancing the present stage of South Africa's struggle toward democracy. If the current negotiations actually lead to the abolition of apartheid, 1976 will be remembered as the turning point.

Next, Zimbabwe's two liberation movements—Robert Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union and Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union—triumphed in 1980, shortening Rhodesian Front leader Ian Smith's predicted millennium of white rule by 985 years. Smith would have held off black liberation forces far longer had it not been for Mozambique's self-sacrificing support for the liberation movements and the military aid they received from both the Soviet Union and China.

Meanwhile, Angolan independence, achieved in 1975, provided rear bases for the military wing of the Namibian liberation movement, Swapo, and a place of refuge for civilians victimized by the South African occupying army. Namibia would still be a South African colony without Angolan support. And Angola could not have sustained that support without the 50,000-strong Cuban force that helped it turn back an invading South African army at Cuito Cuanavale, perhaps the region's most pivotal military confrontation since the Boer War.

Given those victories, this year of Namibian independence, of Nelson Mandela's freedom, of apartheid's rapid retreat, should be a time of joy and celebration for southern Africa's eleven nations and 100 million people. That it is not reflects the enormous economic price they have paid for their political victories. As a result, much of this potentially prosperous region lies in ruins, its dreams largely shattered, its development plans mostly abandoned.

In Mozambique and Angola, the two nations whose leaders most clearly believed their own professions of support for Marxian socialism, the revolutionary spirit has been all but extinguished by war-induced hunger and destruction. They, along with Tanzania and Zambia, the countries that sought an "African road" to socialism, are increasingly caught in the web of the International Monetary Fund.

The politicians of prosperous, politically democratic, nominally Marxist Zimbabwe still appropriate the language of Leninism to justify their drive toward a one-party state. Yet no one, with the possible exception of President Mugabe himself, seriously expects any kind of transition toward socialism in the foreseeable future.

The region's capitalist autocracies likewise suffer under increasingly grim economic conditions, nowhere worse than in Malawi, a nation closely allied to both the United States and South Africa. Malawi's nonagenarian dictator, Hastings Kamuzu Banda, deludes himself with mumblings about the country's "agricultural miracle" while his nation's children starve to death at one of the fastest rates on earth.

Apartheid's antidemocratic influence has been felt throughout the region. Mozambique, Angola and Namibia have borne the brunt of the South African assault. Multiparty Zimbabwe and Botswana have used the South African threat to justify draconian security legislation that restricts the right to dissent. In Malawi, South African advisers have played a key role in building a security apparatus that ruthlessly suppresses even the mildest opposition. There has also been strong evidence of South African security collaboration with right-wing regimes in Lesotho and Swaziland.

These unhappy circumstances call forth two important questions: Could different policies have prevented economic disaster? Does the future offer any hope for pluralism and egalitarianism? The conventional wisdom is that "structural adjustment" and "market-oriented reform" hold the key to African development. In a recent report on Africa's prospects for moving "From Crisis to Sustainable Growth," the World Bank argues that African nations would be more prosperous today if their leaders had pursued strategies involving "less government [and] better government—government that concentrates its efforts less on direct interventions

Steve Askin is a Harare-based journalist and author of a forthcoming book on Zaire under Mobutu Sese Seko. Colin Darch, a specialist in Lusophone African affairs, has worked at research centers in Zimbabwe, Mozambique and Tanzania.

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and more on enabling others to be productive."

Heavily dependent on Western aid to sustain their battered economies and acutely aware that such aid is conditional on acceptance of structural adjustment, most southern African nations have embraced this approach with varying degrees of enthusiasm or reluctance. Yet the World Bank's assumption that African economies failed because leaders tried to impose an unworkable and unwanted socialism completely ignores the main cause of economic hardship in southern Africa: South African "destabilization" and military violence. Even in a nation at peace, like Ghana—until recently the World Bank's showcase in Africa—economic austerity has increasingly grave human consequences. In a nation like Mozambique, externally imposed reductions in wages and food subsidies were an almost unbearable burden on people ravaged by war and, at the end of last year, touched off the nation's first postindependence wave of strikes. The bank's reforms also ignore the fact that the popular demand for more socialism in the form of radical redistribution of land and wealth remains high, especially in those countries that suffered the economic inequalities imposed by apartheid and settler colonialism.

The region's black-led governments have made their share of economic mistakes. A complaint voiced by a Catholic bishop in Zambia, that his government's attempts to find a middle road between capitalism and communism combined "the worst aspects of each system," could be echoed by people in many other countries. But South African military violence and economic sabotage have been the main drag on their economies over the past decade. Since the founding of the Southern African Development Coordination Conference (SADCC) by the region's nine majority-ruled nations in 1980, destabilization has cost them more than $60 billion, or two-fifths of their combined gross domestic products, according to United Nations estimates. South African–sponsored violence has also turned several million people into refugees and directly or indirectly caused more than 1.5 million fatalities, most of them children who starved to death because war made food production impossible in their rural communities.

Not coincidentally, the hardest hit victim is Mozambique, whose leaders displayed the greatest interest in constructing socialism from the ground up with the democratic involvement of politicized peasants and urban workers. If Mozambique had been militarily strong enough to defend itself, it might have developed along lines akin to Cuba's, with similar strengths and weaknesses: broad participation in community-level decision making; stunning successes in literacy and community health; authoritarian yet relatively popular leadership under a Soviet-style vanguard party. But Mozambique's white-ruled neighbors gave it no chance to develop.

Almost from the moment that Mozambique gained its independence, Rhodesia sponsored a terror force known as the Mozambique National Resistance (Renamo). Initially formed in retaliation for Mozambican support of Mugabe's guerrillas, South Africa took over and radically expanded support for Renamo when Rhodesia became majority-ruled Zimbabwe in 1980. South African support for the carnage continued even after Pretoria had achieved its main objective—the near-total expulsion of the A.N.C. from Mozambique under the 1984 Nkomati accord.

By the mid-1980s Renamo's gruesome violence against civilians (more than 100,000 massacred in 1987-88 alone) had completely disrupted social life in most of rural Mozambique and had reduced the economy to chaos. It had the side effect of making the country economically dependent on Western aid, and thus an attractive candidate for wooing by both the World Bank and the "pragmatic" wing of Ronald Reagan's State Department.

On the political front, Machel's 1986 death in a mysterious plane crash on South African soil brought the more "pragmatic" Joaquim Chissano to the presidency. He steered Mozambique into a 1987 pact with the World Bank

and the 1989 decision to drop Marxism-Leninism from the ruling party's self-definition.

Chissano's strengths, as a consensus-oriented politician who clearly believes that pluralism offers the only hope for his country's salvation, are evident in the new Mozambican Constitution still under discussion. If adopted, it will guarantee full trade-union rights, shatter the link between party and state structures, introduce direct presidential and parliamentary elections and possibly lead to the legalization of opposition parties. Sadly for Mozambicans, the leaders they elect under this increasingly democratic political system will, when it comes to economic policy, find themselves under the thumb of the near dictatorship of foreign donors.

The effects of South African hostility differ from country to country. Fifteen years of battles against U.S. and South African intervention have in some ways strengthened Angola's ruling party, the M.P.L.A., but also may have made it more rigid politically. One of three movements that

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vied for control at the time of independence, the M.P.L.A. lacked the charismatic leadership, strong rural base and broad nationwide support that were Frelimo's strengths in Mozambique. By intervening on behalf of the M.P.L.A.'s rivals—Jonas Savimbi of Unita and Holden Roberto of the F.N.L.A.—South Africa and the United States helped the M.P.L.A. speedily win recognition in Africa and elsewhere as the only truly Angolan movement.

Far richer than Mozambique thanks to its vast oil deposits, Angola could afford for years to take an uncompromising political stance and, with Cuban and Soviet aid, seek a clear-cut military victory. In military terms the 1988 South African–Cuban withdrawal pact so far seems a roughly zero-sum game, leaving the M.P.L.A. and Unita still militarily able to inflict damaging blows on each other. Although the pact led to repeated negotiating efforts that may yet bring peace, it has not obliged either side to make the concessions needed to end the war speedily.

Angolan officials hoped last year that the Cuban withdrawal would let them translate their close economic ties with the United States into a new political relationship. Oil exports make Angola the second-largest African exporter to the United States, and petroleum executives have long praised the Luanda government as a reliable business partner that provides one of the best foreign investment climates on the continent. It is now apparent, however, that neither this business strategy nor Angola's moves (about two years behind Mozambique) toward market-oriented structural adjustment have made any visible dent in President Bush's support for Savimbi.

Though Luanda's hostility toward Savimbi runs deep, there is still some prospect of a political settlement that would give his Unita movement a share of power or let its members compete in democratic elections. President José Eduardo dos Santos has long rejected multiparty solutions, but he hinted at a change of attitude when he said in January that socialism had failed in some "closed societies" and had been unable to provide basic necessities, among which he enumerated freedom of expression.

Ironically, as neighbors turn away from monolithic politics, Zimbabwe's ascetic President Mugabe aims to roll back his country's fragile tradition of pluralism. His uncompromising drive toward a one-party state may be the logical conclusion of the two hierarchical traditions on which Mugabe seems to draw in roughly equal measure for his social values: Catholicism and Leninism.

Unfortunately for Zimbabwe, Mugabe's asceticism is not widely shared in the upper ranks of his ruling Zimbabwe African National Union-Patriotic Front. Top officials of the nominally Marxist-Leninist government and party have become increasingly blatant about their personal pursuit of capitalist enrichment. One of the party's most vocally left-wing spokespersons, Energy and Water Resources and Development Minister Herbert Ushewokunze, was charged a few months ago with stopping workers' salaries on one of his commercial farms. Another recently promoted Cabinet minister is reportedly setting up a private gambling casino.

The grass-roots demand for more socialism remains high in Zimbabwe, especially for radical redistribution of good farmland, which is still largely controlled by white settlers. Yet no party aggressively voiced left-wing demands for change in Zimbabwe's recent elections. Mugabe's opponent, one-time radical populist Edgar Tekere, shocked many would-be supporters by forming a coalition with the most conservative, even racist, white business and farming interests. Lack of a progressive alternative, coupled with ZANU-P.F.'s sporadically brutal intimidation of opposition supporters, probably explains why only about three-fifths of eligible voters turned out in a country where past elections attracted more than 90 percent to the polls.

Given South Africa's grim influence, it is evident that an end to apartheid is a precondition for both the region's political democratization and its economic reconstruction. Only with majority rule in South Africa will neighboring countries be free to reconstruct without fear of Pretoria-sponsored sabotage. Yet the problem of South African economic domination of the region will not disappear with the abolition of apartheid. South Africa's economic weight can be seen in its G.N.P., more than double the total for all SADCC nations combined, and in its far higher level of industrial development. On top of that, South Africa has spent the past decade systematically creating dependence by sabotaging vital rail and road links through Mozambique and Angola. In newly independent Namibia, which became SADCC's tenth member in April, South Africa retains control of the country's deep-water port at Walvis Bay, which handles almost all of Namibia's overseas exports.

Today, the abolition of apartheid, which Samora Machel rightly denounced as the "Nazism of our epoch," is finally on the table. But southern Africa's 100 million people have paid a high price to get it there: a cost measured in loss of lives, of democracy and of opportunities for economic development. It is, moreover, increasingly evident that the abolition of apartheid will not automatically bring economic change inside South Africa. The same white power structures that have surprised the world with their political flexibility are quietly working to make sure that whites will still dominate the economy if an A.N.C.-led government takes power. The government recently sold off the state iron and steel company, and the De Beers company, a subsidiary of the giant Anglo-American business group, which dominates the mining industry, recently transferred control of more than half its assets to a new holding company in Switzerland.

Thus, the creation of the "new, free societies" that Machel envisioned may hardly be discussed in the next and crucial stage of negotiations. President F.W. de Klerk will compromise on divisive political issues only if he feels confident that white economic power is secure for the foreseeable future.

The end of apartheid may bring South Africa fully into the modern capitalist world, substituting class for race as the basis on which a privileged minority dominates economic life. It will not eliminate the country's gross disparities between privilege and privation; the battle for economic liberation will be won or lost only *after* the abolition of political apartheid. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Being There

MIKLÓS VÁMOS

They ask you, "Where are you from?" When you tell them you're from Hungary they say, "It's wonderful!" To be Czechoslovak, Polish or East German is wonderful too. To be Hungarian is still a bit more wonderful, although this can change any day. Lately the most wonderful has been to be Romanian.

Once you've agreed how wonderful it is to be who you are, they say, "Interesting things are going on over there." You have to agree again. If you were allowed to use only one adjective, "interesting" would cover your country and Eastern Europe. You are at a party again, this time at Yale University. People around you are all interested in Eastern Europe. That's their field— linguists, historians, sociologists, economists. They like you.

One of your hands holds a glass of wine, the other a paper plate with food, and you try to eat with your third hand. So you just nod because you prefer interesting to wonderful.

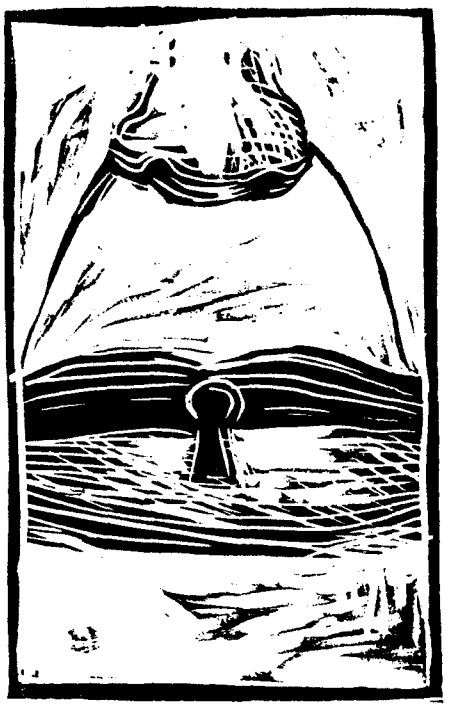
Your country was called "the funniest barracks in the Eastern bloc" and "the goulash archipelago." Now there's no bloc and no barracks any longer, and even the goulash is endangered—by the astronomical prices and inflation rate.

They ask you, "How long have you been here?" And when you tell them you've been here for six months they say, "That's wonderful!" If you've been here for six weeks, that's also wonderful. Six days, that's wonderful, too—if not marvelous.

Yes. It's marvelous to be here since this is a country you can't take your eyes off. A few years ago you couldn't even dream about coming here. It's as good as gold to be here, if you are Czechoslovak, Polish, Hungarian, Bulgarian, whatever—all in all, it's wonderful. Here you have to work really hard to get paid, but you worked really hard in your home country, too. What you made there was peanuts compared with what you get here when you get peanuts. You feel grateful, and you feel guilty because your friends at home are jealous. They're still making peanuts over there.

"You'll stay here?" they ask, but it sounds like a statement. You say "Dunno," and you really don't know. On the one hand, you have the gloomy feeling that if you leave you may never get another chance to return. On the other hand, interesting things are going on *over there*, where you belong. You should be there, shouldn't you?

So you tell them that you may go home. They seem to be disappointed as they say, "That's wonderful!" Now you'd



like to tell them you're not so sure. You're full of inhibition and apprehension. You worry about your country. It's too small, burdened with too many big problems. Among other interesting things, there's tremendous poverty, social tension, anti-Semitism and antigypsyism over there. But if you talked to them about it, they would ask, "Why do you go back, then?" And you're afraid you wouldn't have a good answer.

Americans believe that where there's a problem, there's always a solution. In Eastern Europe, it's the other way around: Where there's no solution, there's a problem. You have already told this paradox to ninety-nine Americans at parties in thirty-eight different states, from Connecticut to California. Everyone laughed. However, this is not a joke. When you told them you've been writing a book in English although you are a Hungarian, no one laughed. However, this *is* a joke.

They don't laugh but they smile, and their teeth look so strong and white that you feel you should run out and buy some floss (waxed and minted), some mouthwash (extra-strength formula) and a toothbrush (electric). But it's not just their teeth. When they smile they show you all their gums, the firm pink flesh in which their strong and white teeth are fixed. It seems as if they were made of rigid plastic.

You don't know why, but you feel it's a shameful spectacle, a little bit pornographic. You can't stop staring at their gums. You know it's silly, but they still remind you of naked sex organs. O.K., you think, you've gone nuts; it's really time to go home. In the meantime, you dip and eat.

"Where are you from?" a tall blond woman asks you.

"Hungary."

"Interesting things are going on over there!"

"'Oh yeah." You smile. She is smiling too. You are unable to open your mouth as wide as hers. Too much, too much gum, you think.

Your friend, Bob, a sociologist, is standing next to you. He is giggling—he knows your opinion about this. He says, "It's only interesting if you are an old-fashioned Communist."

The tall blond woman does not stop smiling. "You mean, you're an old-fashioned Communist?"

It's not clear whether she's asking Bob or you. We are not old-fashioned Communists, of course, but neither of us feels compelled to make a statement about it. The tall blond woman adds that her question was a joke.

Why don't we laugh? you ask yourself.

The woman tells you that President Bush gave a speech yesterday. He talked about a country in Latin America that was a hotbed of drug traffickers and terrorists. "'Those terrorists are paid by . . . heaven knows by whom,'" the woman tells you, quoting the President. She is absolutely positive that Bush wanted to say "by the Soviets" but realized that there was no more "evil empire," as his ex-boss, Reagan, called it.

Miklós Vámos, a Hungarian writer, is a guest professor at Yale and other universities in Connecticut. He is working on his next book, United Steaks of America.

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"Now we have no enemy," says the tall blond woman. And she smiles. "What do you think about that?"

Again, we don't know whom she is addressing. Bob is optimistic. "Don't worry, we'll find one."

You can't say a word. You are looking at her smile and thinking about your little country. Oh, if we could smile like that. . . . We have neither teeth nor gums for it. There's a lot to do, a lot to learn yet. □

Report From the Inferno

DAVID CORN

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE PROVINCE: An American Diplomat's Report on the Armenian Genocide, 1915–1917. *By Leslie A. Davis. Edited by Susan K. Blair. Aristide D. Caratzas. 216 pp. $29.95.*

Last fall, while covering Bob Dole's unsuccessful effort to have Congress commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the initiation of the Armenian genocide in Turkey, I called Morris Amitay, a former head of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, who was working against Dole's bill as a lobbyist for Turkey. "Genocide, what is genocide?" Amitay asked rhetorically. "Most people look at genocide as a concerted, determined attempt to eliminate a race of people. And some, presented with the facts—I don't know if they're true—say that the Armenians . . . were not singled out. So was it genocide? It's difficult to determine."

It's only difficult to determine when one is distracted by factors other than the historical record. And in the ongoing debate about the Armenian genocide, as in the one over the defeated Dole bill, many participants have been quite distracted. Ankara has consistently claimed that the deaths of Armenians occurred as the unfortunate result of civil war, famine and epidemics, and Turkey's allies are not about to let history get in the way of their own agendas. So the Israeli Embassy, which maintains close ties to Turkey, lobbied against Dole's measure; the Bush Administration first argued that the commemoration would hurt U.S.-Turkish relations and weaken NATO, but then agreed to a compromise; and U.S. weapons manufacturers who sell arms to Turkey fought the Dole bill with the silly claim that the deaths of both Armenians and Turks were actually the result of Russian manipulation.

The best answer to the question of genocide is the report written by Leslie Davis, who was U.S. consul in Harput in eastern Turkey from 1914 to 1917. The 132-page account was only recently found in the National Archives by Susan Blair, a researcher obsessed with compiling proof of the Armenian genocide. Davis's report, written upon his return to the United States, makes up the bulk of this book, which has an enthusiastic introduction and informative annotation by Blair, who received bomb threats after the book's publication was announced.

The Davis report is a find, the first unearthed eyewitness account from a neutral party, and we should all be grateful for Blair's sleuthing. Davis was a keen observer in a remote outpost. He was a good reporter, cautious in his estimates, and wrote only of things about which he had personal knowledge. Davis readily admitted to not liking the "Armenian race," but he could scarcely believe the brutality he saw. His gracefully written report is not the work of your average bureaucrat. Davis arrived at Harput on May 31, 1914, following a thirteen-day journey by wagon, and noted that at that time Turks and Armenians "appeared to be on friendly terms." He saw little sign that within a year he would become the only foreign official to witness "probably the most terrible tragedy that has ever befallen any people in the history of the world." He first occupied himself with writing reports on local commerce and industries—but the work soon became pointless. In the spring of 1915, the local Ottoman Empire authorities, citing the activities of Armenian revolutionary societies, implemented a crackdown on Armenians. But Davis suspected that many of the bombs found in the backyards of Armenians were actually planted by the police. Hundreds of Armenians, including prominent academicians, church officials and merchants, were sent away from Harput on oxcarts to an unknown destination. Only later did Davis learn that nearly all had been massacred.

On June 26, 1915, the Turkish government ordered the deportation of every Armenian in Harput, its sister city Mamouret-ul-Aziz and adjacent villages. "Realizing so well the fate of most of those who were to be thus sent away," Davis wrote, " I felt that I must interfere on the ground of humanity." He won reprieves for many Armenians who had American citizenship. But when he cabled the U.S. Embassy at Constantinople, hoping it would be able to persuade the Turkish government to withdraw or modify the deportation orders, his superiors found the situation he described "so appalling that it was not believed."

At first, Davis recalled, no one knew "what 'deportation' really meant." Some Armenians went away smiling and full of hope, anticipating they would be allowed to resettle elsewhere. They left without resistance. But soon reports came in that the Armenian men had been taken into the mountains and killed by Turkish guards. In one episode, on July 5, 1915, about 800 Armenian men were arrested, marched out of town into the mountains and slaughtered. Turkish gendarmes, who began the massacre using their rifles, were ordered not to waste bullets and to employ their bayonets instead. Armenian children, Davis reported, were drowned in a nearby lake.

Davis did the best he could, offering the protection of his consulate to many Armenians, holding the property of "deportees," trying to determine the whereabouts of Armenian citizens. He investigated reports of massacres and helped some Armenians to escape, when aiding Armenians was a crime punishable by death. His account covered these endeavors in a matter-of-fact tone, but clearly he was a brave man.

Even though the anti-Armenian campaign was conducted by the Ottoman Empire, as distinct from the current regime, Davis's account shows why it would be painful for Ankara to acknowledge the misdeeds of the past. Turkish society is not well acquitted in his report. He described Turks holding prayer meetings in front of the consulate, where he hid Armenians. "We could all hear them piously calling upon Allah to bless them in their efforts to kill the hated Christians." When Armenians were "deported" and had to get rid of their possessions, their Turkish neighbors gladly bought their valuable property at bargain rates.

Armenians rounded up in other areas of the country were marched through Davis's region, and the consul investigated the camps outside Harput, where the deportees were kept: "All of them were in rags and many of them were almost naked. They were emaciated, sick, diseased, filthy, covered with dirt and ver-

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min, resembling animals far more than human beings." When Davis first saw one of these camps he found it "the most horrible scene I have ever witnessed, one not surpassed by any in Dante's 'Inferno.' " The *vilayet*, or province, where his consulate was based came to be known as the "Slaughterhouse Vilayet."

Davis's description of his trips to the countryside, littered with thousands of bodies, is harrowing. At the shore of Lake Goeljuk, he saw the remains of hundreds who had been killed and buried in loose sand that had then been washed away. On one daylong trip, he surveyed more than 10,000 dead Armenians, some discarded in valleys that stank their whole length. For Davis, this was obviously genocide: "The Mohammedans in their fanaticism seemed determined not only to exterminate the Christian population but to remove all traces of their religion."

Numbers, unfortunately, tend to be at the center of many historical disputes. Armenian activists maintain that one to one-and-a-half million Armenians were killed by the Turks—a claim hardly inconsistent with Davis's calculations. Davis reported that in his *vilayet* alone there lived 150,000 Armenians prior to 1915; at the end of that year only 8,000 to 10,000 remained. The parallels between the anti-Armenian operations of the Ottoman Empire and the anti-Jewish campaign of the Nazis three decades later are striking. Apparently, there are not too many different ways to commit mass murder, even allowing for improvements in technology. Any arms-maker, geopolitician or lobbyist who denies the Armenian genocide ought to be forced to read this book. For the rest of us, Davis's work is an important reminder of what can happen when we choose not to watch. □

Is China Still Hopeful?

SUSANNE WAH LEE AND MITCH BERMAN

CRISIS AT TIANANMEN: Reform and Reality in Modern China. *By Yi Mu and Mark V. Thompson. China Books. 283 pp. $14.95.*

Crisis at Tiananmen, from San Francisco's China Books, is an incisive and intelligent collaboration by the pseudonymous Chinese and American journalists Yi Mu and Mark V. Thompson. Nearly half the book consists of documents from China during the protests last year. How did the hard-line April 26 *People's Daily* editorial inspire half a million people to take to the streets of Beijing the next day? What did flamboyant student leader Wuer Kaixi say to Prime Minister Li Peng in their historic televised meeting? How did party secretary Zhao Ziyang address the students in his last public appearance, an emotional farewell on Tiananmen Square? All these texts are reproduced verbatim.

But *Crisis at Tiananmen* offers more than the raw materials of history. In workmanlike but lucid prose, Yi and Thompson examine the conditions that made China fertile ground for the democracy movement. Increasing resentment of the leaders' individual power, the authors argue, coupled with rising inflation that undermined recent economic gains, led to popular discontent. Official corruption was rampant as government leaders and their children took advantage of their positions to profit from illicit businesses.

Since the May 4 Movement in 1919, universities had been one of China's main sources of political activism; now cynicism pervaded college campuses. Students filled their days by playing games and preparing for the Test of English as a Foreign Language (T.O.E.F.L.) in the hope of studying abroad. Living conditions in dormitories were abysmal and job prospects upon graduation were based solely on *guanxi*, or connections.

Students regarded deposed party secretary Hu Yaobang as "a symbol of political reform and a valued advocate of more tolerant policies toward critical intellectuals"; his death turned their apathy into anger, and they put up big-character posters, in protest and mourning:

> The sincere man died,
> The hypocrites live on,
> The compassionate man died,
> Buried by the cold-blooded.
> Empty talk—TOEFL—bridge—Mah Jong

Susanne Wah Lee is a host of On Books *for WNYE-FM and a contributor to* Asia Week *(Hong Kong) and* Asianweek *(San Francisco). Mitch Berman writes for* The Los Angeles Times Book Review *and is the author of the novel* Time Capsule *(Putnam's). Lee and Berman reported from Beijing last spring for* The Village Voice.

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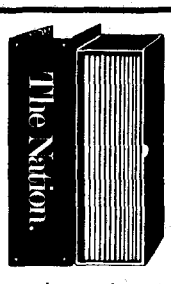

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Despotism and reform,
Reform lies dead in the heart,
This world is a new enigma,
Let me ask you: Yaobang
Is China still hopeful?

When officials closed Tiananmen Square for Hu's memorial, 100,000 students defied the order by gathering there the night before the ceremony. Efforts at dialogue failed, and students began a hunger strike in the square, ultimately overshadowing Mikhail Gorbachev's visit to Beijing.

According to Yi and Thompson, the students called not for American-style democracy but for greater government accountability. Though the Western news media tended to present as "student leaders" any undergraduates willing to appear before their cameras, Yi and Thompson suggest that many of the movement's architects were graduate students and young faculty who preferred to remain behind the scenes. Learning from demonstrations in 1986 and 1987 that failed to win over the population, the protesters gained broad support by addressing concrete problems like corruption and inflation. Consequently, hundreds of thousands of Beijing citizens blocked roads to stop the troops summoned to enforce martial law.

"What happened on June 3-4 was a gross overreaction," the authors argue, because the demonstrators were not "burning shops, attacking armories, or seizing government buildings."

In the final section of their book, Yi and Thompson offer an insiders' look at the Chinese press, which as a matter of policy manipulates, distorts and rewrites history. When the liberal Shanghai-based *World Economic Herald* sympathetically covered Hu's death, officials sacked editor Qin Benli. After a period of silence, Beijing journalists signed a petition calling for talks with the party about press freedom. Ten thousand students on bicycles demonstrated against government press control; for the first time, journalists marched with them. Believing that freedom of the press was essential to overall political reform, the students published their own paper, creating their own propaganda, including, much later, the wishful disinformation that Li Peng was resigning.

A brief, heady moment of press freedom ended when martial law was declared on May 20, and journalists were forced to return to

> an oblique and often ironic strategy to send their message out to the public. . . . On May 22, for example, *People's Daily* reported on its front page that Hungarian Prime Minister Miklos Nemeth said. . . . "no political force should be allowed to use military troops to solve domestic political problems. One of the most hateful characteristics of Stalinism was that armed forces were willfully and recklessly used to suppress its own people. We should most resolutely break with such behavior."

Chinese journalists reverted to their old technique of writing in double-entendres, "mouthing official propaganda in a style which in fact turns it on its head":

> An article might repeat, over and over, to the point of parody, the need for suppression of "hooligans" and the necessity of turning in "counterrevolutionaries." Such exaggerated repetition of the party line may suggest to the informed public not how fully in control the government is, but the very opposite, that it is facing a major crisis.

Wisely, Yi and Thompson do not offer a prognosis for China, but they conclude that the loss of confidence engendered by the government's suppression of the student movement is irreparable.

Crisis at Tiananmen is full of perceptive analysis. It is a valuable source of translations and a fascinating collection of material. □

Past Present

JAMES FADIMAN

In recent years I've become a devotee of used-book sales, where I scrounge for extra copies of out-of-print books by Halldór Laxness to give to friends. "Trust me on this one," I plead. Those who do have become scroungers as well. I'd never heard of him until a friend pushed *Independent People* at me. I didn't think I'd relish a story about poverty-stricken farmers in Iceland, but I was wonderfully wrong. In several novels as beautiful as any I know of, Laxness illuminates their arduous lives as well as the overwhelming impact of the land and weather.

As I read and reread, I am repeatedly transfixed by his detailed, precise descriptions of marginal farming and fishing, of the endless travail against the ferocity of nature and the numbing effects of a culture that squeezes the love of life out of each individual. His bleak landscapes and even bleaker histories have blunted my easygoing, northern Californian, "everything always works out" world view. Once I visited Iceland and was put off by the harsh isolation of each village and the chaotic geography, where volcanoes erupt next to sheets of ice. I was staggered that people live there at all, let alone live with hopes no different from mine. (No wonder Iceland, with the most liberal open-door policy in the world, still has almost no immigrants.) But I was unable to penetrate what was, for me, the country's overwhelming strangeness until I read Laxness.

Independent People (1935) chronicles the life of Bjartur, a man who pulls himself out of the servant class by desperate and continual acts of invisible heroism. On a pathetic patch of ground he builds a house of turf and wood. Battered by the elements, by capitalism and by personal tragedies, he holds fast to one belief—that he will not be the property of any other person. Early in his marriage, his wife tells him that she dreams constantly of meat and milk:

> "Can we possibly buy a cow?" she asks.
>
> "A cow?" He repeated in gaping astonishment. "A cow?"
>
> "Yes," persisted his wife stubbornly, "a cow."
>
> "There goes the last shred of doubt, woman. It's your nerves, that's how my poor old mother's nerves began. It started with her always being full of some weird notion, then she began hearing voices."

They continue to argue until he concludes, "I won't take the begging road to anyone for anything unless life depends on it and I can pay to the last penny." A year later his wife is dead of malnutrition, and to feed his infant son, Bjartur buys a cow.

Laxness's images resemble the chainsaw art of loggers, whose sculptures retain the savagery of the saw, the massiveness of the tree, yet still reveal the personal style of the artist. Nothing smoothed over, nothing hidden, nothing false. Yet within this fierceness, I keep discovering moments of tenderness, as when Bjartur looks for a lost sheep with his son:

James Fadiman is a psychologist interested in literature. His most recent book is Unlimit Your Life *(Celestial Arts), and he is working on his second novel. Past Present is an occasional column edited by Gwyneth Cravens.*

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> The father set off over the marshes with long strides, the boy skipping along behind him, jumping from tussock to tussock. . . . They found the sheep on the flats and she had lambed. Splendid. Bjartur caught the lamb and marked it. The ewe came nearer and he took hold of her and felt at her udders. . . . Sitting himself on a clump of heather near the river he gazed at the smoothness of its flow as it ran past him, at two ducks on the opposite bank, at two phalaropes swimming to and fro, bobbling curtsies. The boy too sat down and gazed at them, everything was so mild, so unassuming; it was as if the marshes wanted to make amends for everything.

Although Laxness's best novels are set in rural Iceland, his own life was cosmopolitan. He traveled widely in the United States, Europe and the Soviet Union. In 1955 he won the Nobel Prize. He wrote travel books, political essays, plays, short stories and even translated Hemingway into Icelandic. After a youthful religious conversion, he spent two years in a Catholic monastery, then later became an equally devout socialist. In his major novels he presents his political position hopefully, even stridently, yet it is never vindicated and never even begins to make any difference. The vagaries of government enrich some and impoverish others as indiscriminately as hailstorms destroy parts of the hay crop and leave other parts untouched.

For Laxness, those who fish and farm deserve more than they receive, which is almost nothing. The rich (that is, almost anyone above dire poverty) take what little there is. Whenever there is a vision of a better world (often linked to a new labor union), it fails. In each novel, characters are eventually reduced to the basics—salted dried fish, potatoes, sheep and holding together to sustain the few bits of human decency necessary for survival. God should be more helpful but isn't. Laxness's heroes never triumph, yet failure never completely destroys them. He writes not about hope but about the striving that continues after hope has been abandoned. He confounds my smug liberalism with an accurate portrait of a world where good people are ground down by an injustice which is not even hostile but rather indiscriminate, tedious and relentless.

In *Salka Valka* (1932) an illegitimate child arrives with her mother in a tiny, remote village and, through her own energy and courage, survives a brutal childhood. Delivering milk for her room and board, she is tormented by the other children:

> What especially grieved her was the world's stupid unreasoning cruelty, which seeks to wound without any other object than to wound, and which searches out the most sensitive spot in one's breast simply and solely to enjoy the pleasure of seeing a defenseless person suffer. Possibly what the children said was quite right—that she was stupid and ugly and her mother a whore. She was not sure what the word meant; she only knew that it was something fearful and disgusting.

Later she falls in love with a man who, as a boy, had taught her to read. He has returned to the village to radicalize it. He succeeds briefly, then fails and leaves. She remains, any hope for a fuller life more out of reach than ever.

Laxness's people stick to their hardened realism, even when faced with their own deaths. In *Salka Valka* a woman is dying and, getting no comfort from her clergyman, confronts him:

> "Does it say anywhere in the Bible that God is good? . . . What does hanging on a cross for twenty-four hours mean to a man who has no children, especially when he knows he's dying for a good cause—indeed, that he's saving the whole world and then going straight to the best place in Heaven? What's that compared with the suffering I've had to put up with for months and years with the house full of children, when for many whole nights I've shrieked with pain unceasingly and without relief, and I'll soon be dead, and that without anything to die for; and there'll be no heavenly kingdom for me."

World Light (a 1955 collection) has an antihero whose very hopelessness provides a model of personal courage—he maintains his values, no matter what. Olaf Karason is determined to write poetry and, through illness and temperament, is simply unable to do any other kind of work. In the communities, which waver on the brink of total destitution, there abides a respect for poetry. Yet, never paid enough to have any honor, he lives despised yet tolerated, torn by his brilliant, expansive inner vision, his mediocre talent and his unending small tragedies.

In a debate about forming a union at a fish-processing factory, Olaf is pressured to speak:

> "To be a poet is to be a visitor on a distant shore until one dies. In the land where I belong, which I shall never reach . . . industry runs by itself without anyone trying to steal from others. My land is a land of plenty; it is the world that Nature has given to men,

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where society is not a thieves' society. . . . In my world it is possible to fulfill all aspirations, and therefore aspirations are in themselves good, quite unlike here, where people's aspirations are called wicked because it isn't possible to fulfill them."

In Laxness's skillful depictions of the inner lives of the sheep farmers in *Independent People*, the fisherfolk in *Salka Valka* and the villagers in *World Light*, he displays not only compassion but mastery of satire as well. On rare occasions, some event brings isolated farmers together. Often laconic, separated by geography and temperament, barely able to talk about the larger issues that threaten to overwhelm them, they fall into discussing the petty concerns that consume their days. At a wedding in *Independent People*, no one mentions the couple or the wedding itself. An awkward silence prevails until one crofter speaks about his dog's worms. Then, with a sigh of relief, everyone has something to say about the mange and the staggers; the high price of salt, sugar and coffee; the condition of the meadows; and the poor weather. At another gathering, during World War I, a farmer reports that he's seen a book of pictures of France and Germany and concludes that "there is no fundamental difference between France and Germany at all, and they are actually both the same country with not even a strait between them, much less a fjord."

Another character gives a deeper explanation of the war, and, for me, of all wars:

"When ten million men murder each other in bad will," he said, "I for one don't give a damn whether it's for no reason at all. . . . Suppose all these idiots go to heaven . . . do they forgive each other in heaven for having murdered one another . . . do they perhaps thank one another in heaven for having murdered one another and thus helped one another on the way to heaven. . . . Do they go on fighting with undiminished imbecility in heaven?"

Paradise Reclaimed (1960), one of Laxness's last novels, is about a farmer whose saga includes a religious conversion, a trip to the United States and a return to his farm, its stone wall having tumbled down through his neglect. He sums up his life, perhaps speaking for Laxness as well. "I have found the truth and the land that it lives in. . . . And it is assuredly very important. But now the most important thing is to build up this wall again." □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Longtime Companion
Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!
Last Exit to Brooklyn

There's an alarming moment near the end of *Longtime Companion* when a group of chamber musicians show up at a benefit for people with AIDS. The film already has put you through enough deathbed scenes for three or four movies; so, as the first notes groan from the cello, as the story's survivors try to be brave and the final reel is about to roll, you're sure it's time for the long-deferred kitsch catharsis. Then the trio launches into an arrangement of "YMCA," by the Village People.

Through some prodigy, *Longtime Companion* seems always to avoid the wrong note, even though its subject—mourning—can usually be counted on for clinker after clinker. The camera never does anything flashy; the dialogue never calls attention to itself. Events go by with seeming artlessness. And yet this picture brought me closer to tears than anything I've seen in recent memory.

Written by Craig Lucas and directed by Norman René, *Longtime Companion* might be categorized as a platoon picture, the genre in which a small circle of friends grows steadily smaller. In this case, the platoon consists mostly of the people around Sean (Mark Lamos) and David (Bruce Davison), a wealthy, middle-aged couple who seem to keep their house on Fire Island perpetually filled with guests. The story begins on the summer's day in 1981 when *The New York Times* first noted the outbreak of a "rare cancer" in the gay community. Reactions at Sean and David's house vary from mild uneasiness to dismissal, the latter phrased as a declaration of hatred for the *Times*. The story concludes, if that's the right word, in 1989, by which point the surviving characters have proceeded from utter denial to volunteer work with Gay Men's Health Crisis to civil disobedience. (ACT UP is never mentioned, but you can figure out for yourself who's leading the protest.)

The events between these moments might be affecting if only as a history of the gay community's responses toward AIDS. At different times, the characters lay blame for the disease on everything from overexposure to the sun to a lack of self-esteem. Perhaps one of the strongest moments in the film is a brutal, wordless revelation of just such an outdated response (at least, I hope it's outdated) as Willy (Campbell Scott), the equivalent of the platoon's green recruit, kisses a hospitalized friend on the cheek and then excuses himself, goes to the toilet and washes his mouth with soap. What's stunning about the sequence is not just the vigor with which Willy scrubs himself but also the guilt he obviously feels for doing so. And then, when he reenters the hospital room, he becomes unnervingly enthusiastic about some positive-thinking quackery that's being recommended to the patient, who as a sophisticated man reacts only with strained politeness.

Such sequences in *Longtime Companion* have the directness, the unaffected simplicity, that can be achieved only through considerable cunning. As the beginning of their artifice, Lucas and René have confined the action to a circle of white, moneyed New Yorkers. Filmmakers who want to present a historical overview of AIDS would of course have to expand the setting far beyond that class; but for Lucas and René, the choice turns out to be canny. Freed from having to dramatize the more mundane indignities, such as missing the rent payment (or, for that matter, having no home at all), the filmmakers can devote their attention to what really concerns them, the emotional toll of the disease.

Think of it as a form of aesthetic judo. Knowing which sort of people the mass media present as "normal," the filmmakers have focused on just that class (or their lookalikes), so that you're drawn into these lives almost as if you were watching a soap opera; as if to comment on that ploy, the action occasionally takes place backstage at one of the soaps. Perhaps this comments as well on the reputation of the film's production company, American Playhouse, a resolutely well-meaning organization whose problem dramas for public television might sometimes call for the Wonder Bread label, were it not for the high level of their acting. In *Longtime Companion*, the performances are, as usual, very fine; but, more to the point, so is the intelligence behind the drama as a whole. If "made for TV" means that the filmmakers are trying to convey a certain understanding of life, an emotional and political attitude, to as many viewers as pos-

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JOSEPH CIARDIELLO

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RESIDENT ALIENS

The French forget-me-nots in the clabbered
right of way through waste ground
are a small blue glimmer, unusually refined
for this site of storms and tall gangs
of nettles, a place mostly green and grey—
clouds, limestone, blown grass—but
brightened through May and June by robust
phalanxes of yellow flag, the sturdy pinks
and lavenders of thickstemmed common rocket.

I've seen them in ditches too, just above
the brown line of bogwater, raising their
strangers' heads to the light and in silence
shining like scrubbed nuns of an enclosed order
who hardly whisper discretions
in a foreign tongue to one another. Natives
like buttercup, marsh orchid, ragged robin,
sea heath, trailing heather or yellow rattle

I take home with me to stand
as bright promiscuous clusters
in jars, carafes, and tumblers
of prismatic tapwater; but these
I leave where I find them, where they
caught my glad eye but will stay unclaimed,
their delicate darkblue hearts indifferent
to everything except their almost other-
worldly lover—this good light.

NOT STANDING STILL

In middle life there comes a moment
when everything seems very solid, standing there
four-square and solid in its own hard
uncompromising light. Not long after this
it is the shimmer of things that starts
to grow on you, more light and space
around them: the solid starts to waver,
fold, dissolve, flow. Then the mountains
become a few undulant lines of color as
mobile as big clouds that let fall their
shadows on the green or plum-blue backs
of hills, and you can see the way
the big light races after shadow, the way
things live in both, but different in their
quick and shine and shiver—white garden
benches, birch bark, leaves of aspen, a blue
tricycle, a red hall-door, kitchen windows.
This is the moment you start to hear
the sound it all makes as it's happening:
a stew of birdsong, traffic, phones ringing,
a rattling door, all the babies on the block
in chorus, the squeak of clotheslines, wind
in the laurel or the holly. Young, we used
to say when the day darkened, *The sun's
gone in.* Now we know it is the clouds
in their high indifferent unceasing
life of radiance and shade, going over.

Eamon Grennan

sible, then maybe the term shouldn't be so pejorative.

You could test that proposition yourself by looking at just one sequence of *Longtime Companion*, about an episode of euthanasia. Actually, to be precise, the film shows everything *except* the mercy killing: the dying man's cry for release, the preparation, the farewell and then the aftermath, as the lover (who is now also the killer) quietly lets his friends make the funeral arrangements. It's as understated and believable as can be—and for that reason it's all the more relentless.

Here, on the other hand, is a story line you won't be seeing on *General Hospital*:

Condemned by her beauty to be a figure of fantasy, a young woman must choose between the roles assigned her by two different men, one an impotent septuagenarian with a head full of porn, the other a psychotic who dreams of turning her into a housewife. She eventually accepts the latter role, not only because the psychotic is young and handsome and has a knife but also because he's willing to supply heroin for a toothache that's killing her.

Once more, we have entered the land of Pedro Almodóvar, this time on an excursion titled *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* In previous works such as *What Have I Done to Deserve This?* and *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, the events I've just summarized might have zipped past as only one of a dozen gaudy diversions. Here, they have become the whole film. Having parked the careening vehicle of his moviemaking in front of one particular funhouse, Almodóvar this time conducts his tour on foot, slowly, almost respectfully, asking the sightseers to observe every detail of the architecture and look into the eyes of the inhabitants. I very much fear he's becoming serious.

Yes, he still insults Spanish religiosity. The very first image is of rows of identical pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Mary and Jesus; later on, these turn into icons of sadomasochism, as they hang over the bed where the crucial action transpires. You also get to laugh at one of Almodóvar's fake TV commercials—but only one. For the most part, *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* tries to be a well-made character study. It's intelligent and sensitive but also—heroin or no heroin—just a little stodgy.

Marina, played by the sleek and pouty-mouthed Victoria Abril, is a porn star and reformed junkie who has just

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broken through to respectability, acting in the latest film by the legendary director Maximo Espejo (Francisco Rabal). But nobody on the set, Marina included, seems to want to be all *that* respectable. Maximo has an undisguised admiration for her former productions; he also wants his new film, a psychokiller story, to pay tribute to B movies. Obviously, he feels Marina should stay true to her past. And so does she—though the past she cherishes has less to do with being a trash queen than with her rural background. She's a woman of the people, who still remembers how to treat an abscess on a mule's hoof.

The only person around who seems to long for middle-class repose is Ricky (Antonio Banderas), who has just won release from a mental hospital. He seems to owe his freedom to an improved attitude and also a willingness to grant sexual favors to the asylum's keeper. No sooner has he hit the street than he swipes a heart-shaped box of candy and a knife, the better to woo Marina. He just knows she will learn to love him.

Now, some viewers have professed outrage at Ricky's method of courtship. Others, though willing to see such violence portrayed, are upset that Marina eventually yields to it, especially given her now-notorious gesture of submission. Instead of "I love you," she murmurs "Tie me up." Though you might claim this is meant to render literal the condition of marriage, I doubt it's possible this time to mount a defense on the grounds of travesty—the overall tone of the picture is too earnest for that, the plot's resolution too sentimental. These characters really are supposed to live happily ever after, or as happily as such people can. That, I suppose, is the point. Marina, like Ricky, turns out to hunger for a traditional role—for respectability, in the bourgeois sense—since she, too, has suffered too much from being an outsider. So *Tie Me Up!* might be seen as a taboo-breaking director's provisional endorsement of taboos—his reminder that some people have been hurt so badly that social conventions seem to them a refuge.

If this reading is correct, it also would explain Almodóvar's uncharacteristically plodding direction. For the moment, he's turned against the artifice that old Maximo represents, the artifice that his own films have celebrated. (Unless my eyes deceive me, Maximo is shooting his B movie on the living-room set from *Women on the Verge*.) The Madrid in which Marina lives is a society of fakery, in which people change their identities at will. "You're a journalist now?" a performer asks the reporter who is interviewing him—to which the reporter replies, "And you're an actor?" Ricky, too, takes part in this playacting, donning a succession of dumb-looking disguises. But he clearly would prefer *real* life. So, ultimately, would Marina, leading the film to conclude not on Maximo's soundstage but in a rural village.

When jaded sophisticates start longing for the authenticity of rustic life, I get nervous. Of course, the real problem with *Tie Me Up!* is not political. Who but Zippy the Pinhead would go to an Almodóvar film for its ideology? But there seems to be a disturbing change of attitude, all the same, that has led Almodóvar to tone down his beloved mockery and outrage and titillation. I hope the change is temporary and that he'll soon be back in form. If not, I wonder if the Falangism that he's so grandly ignored might start to make a delayed entrance into his films, and not in the way you would have expected. What's next for Almodóvar—*Ricky and Marina Return to the Soil*?

The papers these days are full of Brian DePalma's *Bonfire of the Vanities*, which some of our civic leaders have judged in advance to be an insult to the Bronx. Much the same charge, though with a change of borough, might be brought against the newly released *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. The paradox of Uli Edel's film, and of the book by Hubert Selby Jr. on which it is based, is that they depend on convincing you that this is what Brooklyn is *really* like, whereas any defense of them would depend on the proposition that fidelity to real life doesn't matter.

If a fiction has enough inner coherence, then its setting may justifiably be called Brooklyn or Inferno or Morgan's Creek without troubling the audience to make outside comparisons. For a fictional world, the final test of verisimilitude is that it resemble itself. Now, Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer seems to understand this perfectly well. In protesting against *Bonfire of the Vanities*, he exempted Tom Wolfe's novel from his criticism, saying the book was O.K., except that its plot fell apart at the end. Ferrer thus proved himself to be a better aesthetician than Edel, whose hallucinatory Brooklyn threatens to fall into an incoherence of clichés at every moment. He promises you life in the raw. He delivers

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a waxwork Chamber of Horrors.

And yet, in its early sequences, *Last Exit to Brooklyn* has more than enough rapidity and kinetic power to carry you along. Though Edel, a German filmmaker best known for *Christiane F.*, seems to have an uncertain ear for directing American dialogue, he knows that a motion picture has to move; whatever aural clinkers he hits are at first forgotten in the onrush of brawling, partying, sexually suffering characters. Edel has the trick of making a lot of things happen at once, in which he is abetted by the screenwriter, Desmond Nakano. The deeply colored, frequently nocturnal photography by Stefan Czapsky (who shot *The Thin Blue Line* and *Vampire's Kiss*) tends to pull you into the image, and the performers for the most part are commendable. The standouts in a large cast are Stephen Lang, playing a union leader as if he were a bewildered, wounded animal, and Jennifer Jason Leigh, hurling herself chest-first into another of her bad-girl portraits.

But no sooner have I explained these characters than the shaky framework of *Last Exit* starts to tumble. Here is the whole cast from Madame Tussaud's: the repressed he-man who is crucified for his homosexual desires; the hooker with platinum hair and heart of tarnished gold; the self-destructive mama's boy, primping and camping his way to the grave; the comic-relief Italian family with a collective I.Q. of 12. All that remains is to add Mark Knopfler's relentless score, which makes "Three Blind Mice" sound Mahlerian.

Last Exit to Brooklyn sometimes manages to rise above its dumbness by the sheer power of its conviction. But I finally have to agree with the character who looks around and says, "This is getting rather sordid. Why don't we go?" □

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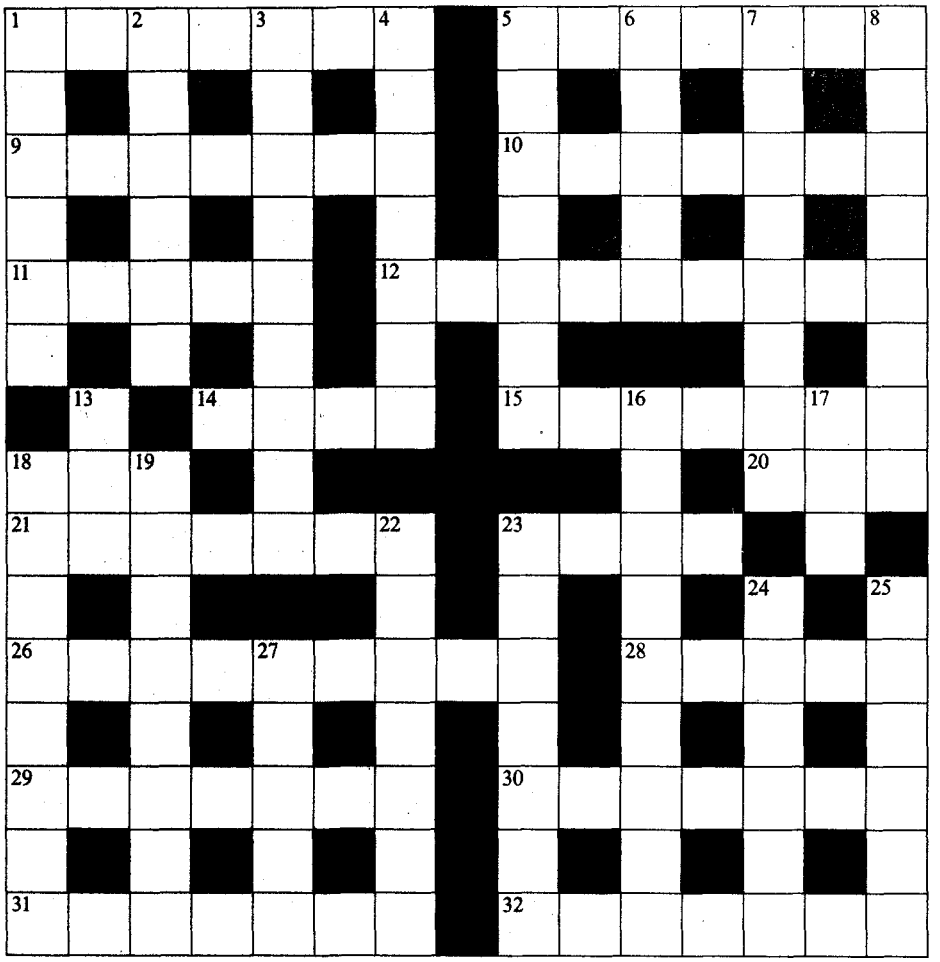

ACROSS

1 and 5 North America has the average father costume often required as identification. (4,3,7)
9 The old stage had this road for many years, of doubtful benefit to the puffer. (7)
10 Apparel of Trafalgar men today? (7)
11 Slave dance? (5)
12 Evolution might be considered natural to this. (9)
14 See 13 down
15 Looks around South Africa's party might cause the spirits to be raised here. (7)
18 See 27 down
20 What the British sometimes do at 29, somewhat paradoxically. (3)
21 Peculiar little way to get home for the cowboy! (7)
23 Mild panic caused by what sails might do. (4)
26 Implying an apple type (typically American) is not a hard one. (4,2,3)
28 and 1 down Misguided missionaries might attempt to do this when there is another possibility. (11)
29 A play-stopping call around 20—well, at least cricket players stop for it! (7)
30 See 27 down
31 A lot of them are necessary to have talent, making money in a manner of speaking. (7)
32 A medical man on the verge of causing scoops, perhaps. (7)

DOWN

1 See 28 across
2 Missouri comes to acrimony for what should be in Alabama. (6)
3 It involves accumulating coin—trace the possible outcome. (9)
4 Give up evil doing, as a casual visitor does. (5,2)
5 One who might sponsor you and me with devotion? (7)
6 One might find the order in a dado richly decorated. (5)
7 Retina, perhaps—or lens. (8)
8 One can follow things like the very devil! (8)
13 and 14 across Possibly national product without a certain insect type. (3,4)
16 You might see a clan have a sort of destructive fall. (9)
17 One might hear corny material here. (3)
18 A call for help is about the most excellent, but now hazardous, material! (8)
19 The costume takes years to make, but one sees it at the horse show, perhaps. (8)
22 How to say something fast? (7)
23 Ran around the deck, losing its head when spotted. (7)
24 You might think a "gotcha" operation is about right, but one can fiddle with it! (6)
25 Part of a superb rug, especially in Belgium. (6)
27, and 18 and 30 across Obviously quick to gripe if one is! (5,3,7)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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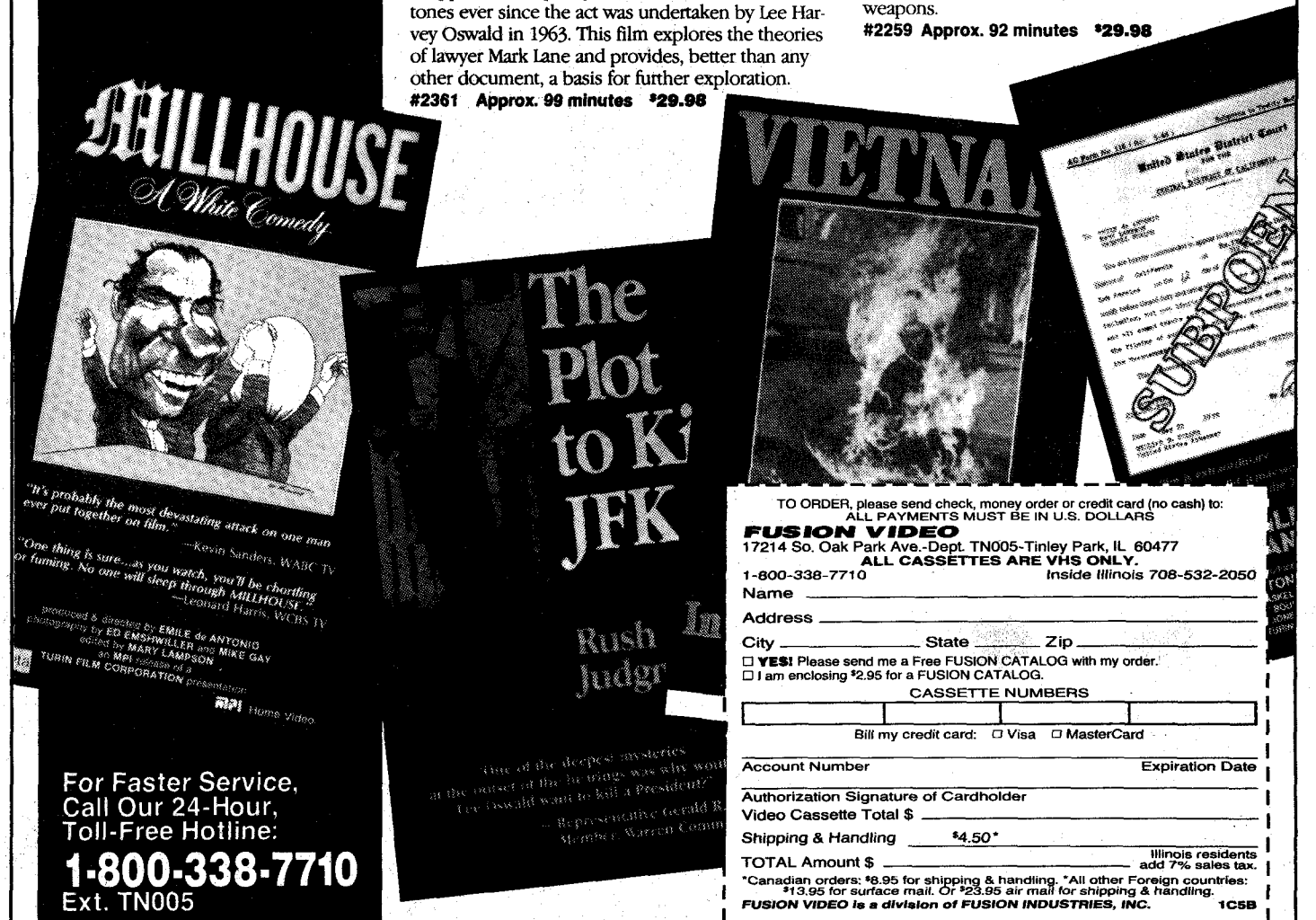
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